National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XV. NO. 39. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1855. WHOLE NO. 767.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY (ON SATURDAY),

At $2 per annum,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

Selections.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S LECTURE.

[The Eleventh Lecture of the New York Anti Slavery Course was delivered, on the 6th inst., by RALPH WALDO EMERSON. The *Tribune* reported it as follows.]

We meet here the third generation in the humiliation of our fathers, when they made the evil contract with the slaveholder, at the formation of the Government. We have added to this the new and strange Fugitive law of 1850. The past year has added the ponderous Nebraska and Kansas legislation, and we have to consider that, however strongly the tides of public sentiment have set, and are setting, whether in New York, whether in Massachusetts, whether in Wisconsin, towards Freedom, yet the code of Slavery in this country is unrepealed, and is at this hour more malignant, in present and in prospect, than ever before. The recent action has brought it home to the Northern States, and made it impossible to avoid. I know the subject seems exhausted. The honest man is soon weary of crying "thief." Who can long continue to feel an interest in condemning homicide, or wife-beating? It is said that negation is a flat affair; one must write with a red-hot iron to make any impression upon this subject. Our friends were, therefore, herein wise that they invited the Southerners, the distinguished patrons and natural fathers of the system, to come and speak for it. I think it would not have been ill-advised had they asked only such, and put the whole duty of defending it on the slave-owners. I am very sure that it would have surprised the Northerners to have seen how little there was to say. But the difficulty was that they would not come. All the persons invited, with only one or two brave exceptions, were absolutely otherwise engaged. It is left to us to open the matter, each as he can, and to consider it as a matter—not as a thing that stands by itself—that is, a thing which quickly tires and cloys—but as a thing in our system. A high state of general health cannot long coexist with a mortal disease in any part. If one member suffers, all the members suffer. Then, again, we must find relief, in the uniform gloom, in large constructions of history wherein slavery and war enter as necessary shadows in the vast pictures of Providence.

The crying facts we have to consider are these: That in a Republic, professing to base its laws on liberty, securing the greatest good to the greatest number, and on the doctrines of Christianity, in a part of this country, slavery is allowed to subsist; and when the poor people who are the victims of this abuse, disliking this process of being stripped and peeled, run away into States where that practice is not permitted, a law has been passed requiring us here to seize these poor people, send them back to be stripped and peeled again, and so long as they live. Well, this was not the grief. It was shocking to hear of the sufferings of these men, but the country was five hundred or a thousand miles off, and, however leagued with ours, was yet independent. It was a dead law which had been made in an hour of weakness and fear. We had guarded ourselves from executing it; there was no fear that it would come to be valid. But the degradation was here, that even well-born, well-bred, well-grown men among ourselves, not outcasts, not foreigners, but baptized, vaccinated, high-placed, official men should obey the official law. And when we went to the Courts, the interpreters of God's right between man and man, they said catch the slave and force him back. Now, that was a most extraordinary symptom. Slavery is an evil, as cholera is. They will be purged out by the health of the system. I know that it will go at last, and go with tattooing and cannibalism. And as we cannot refuse to ride in the same planet with the New Zealander, so we cannot with the Southerner. We must, but we may say to him, you are you, and I am I, and God send you a speedy conversion. But to find it here in this country, in a land of schools and sermons, in the hills of the White Mountains, and the Hoosick, under the eye of the most enterprising men of the world, staggers our faith in human progress. We must consider it an accident of a larger calamity. It rests on skepticism, which is not local, but universal. The tone of society and the press on slavery is only an index of the moral pulse, and I call slavery and the tolerance it finds worst in this—the stupendous frivolity it betrays in the heart and head of our society, a society without faith, without aims; a society dying of inanition. An impoverishing skepticism scatters disease through our opinions, then through our practice. I find this skepticism very wide-spread. Your men want object, want foundation. They would gladly have something to do adequate to the powers they feel—some foeman worthy of their steel—some love that would make them greater than they are, which not finding, they take some second-best—they slip into some niche or crevice of the State, some counting-room or warehouse, or whatever creditable employment. They are not supported by any sense of greatness, and this reputable office screens them from criticism. And we are led to cast shrewd glances into our society. Among intellectual men, you will find a waiting, an impatient quest for more knowledge. It is believed that, ordinarily, the mind agrees with the body, that the movement of thought comes with the power of action, and in nations that it is in times of their greatest external power that their best minds have appeared. But in America, a man of broad, comprehensive mind has not accompanied the expansion of her power. Instead of men of thought, books are found, critics instead of thinkers, punsters instead of poets. They think the age for poets is past; they think the missionary belongs to the savage. Go into the festooned and tempered brilliancy of the drawing-rooms, to the flower of our society, for whom every favour, every accomplishment, every facility has been secured—will you find genius and courage expanding those fair forms, or is their beauty only a mistake, or an aged cunning? Have they already grown worldly wise? No illusions for them! A few cherish their early dream, but contumacy and the soft appliances of faction cover them with ridicule. They fall, and great is the congratulation of their refined companions that these self-willed Protestants have settled down into sensible practices. It is only a heroic soul conversing with eternity that can endure. The same career invites us. The method of nature is still the same. God instructs man, through the imagination. But whether your men reach to realities and ideas or not, every god is still there sitting in his sphere. Your mortal comes into life, and on the instant and incessantly feels himself in snow-storms of illusions; among other things, he fancies himself lost in the crowd, but there he is alone and they alone; they pouring their grand persuasions, proffering to lead him to Elysium; he baffled and distracted by the snowy illusions. And when the cloud lifts a little, there they are, still sitting around him on their thrones. The boy of thought drains the law, the religion and the education of the land. We send our boys to the universities, but do these institutions inspire them with the hope and gratitude which, at great moments, have filled them with enthusiastic crowds? Men agree to impart the light within them, and set the whole land on flame. The boy looks at the professor and text book with frightful penetration, and says, "has not the professor read his own books? I do not see that he is better for it all." He looks into the stable at the horses, and, after a few trials, concludes that the horses can teach him most. They give him health and courage. They have no false pretences [cheers]. The horse is what he stands for—perhaps he will break the rider's neck—while the presidents and professors of colleges were among that very rabble that voted down the moral sentiment of mankind. Look at our politics. The great parties, coeval with the Government, do they inspire us with any exalted hope? Does the Democracy stand really for the good of the many, and of the poor? The Whig party, the party of property and education, have they addressed themselves to the solemn purpose of relieving this country from the torment of slavery? This party of talent and education has resisted every progressive step. Did free trade come from them? Have they urged the abolition of capital punishment, or any progressive action of the kind? No; they would nail the stars to the skies. *Nolumus Mutare.* We do not wish to touch the Constitution. They wish their age should be absolutely like the last. There is no confession of destitution like this fierce conservatism. Can anything proclaim so loudly the absence of all aim or principle? What means this desperate grasp, on their part, if not that they are not satisfied with themselves—that they have no law in their own mind—no principle—no hope in the future? Some foundation we must have; and if we can see nothing, we cling deperately to those whom we hope can see. Our politics have run very low. Men from our Northern sections of this country, whom their friends call honest, good-meaning men, whom we considered to be thoroughly, obstinately honest, have voted on these criminal measures with the basest of the populace. They ate dirt. It was because they had no thought, no luring splendour of law, within their own breasts. Well, what refuge had they? They had honour enough, at least, to feel degraded. They became apathized. We leave them in their retreats. They represented the property of their constituency. Our merchants do not believe much in anything but their trade. They loll in republican chairs. They eat and drink in republican hotels—Astor, Tremont and Girard. They roll along in easy trains, telegraphing their wishes before them, and the power of money is so vast as to execute the views of those who control it. And what of our reform party? What shall we think of the new movement with which the whole world rings? That we are clear, and that the old parties could not lead us. These political machineries have been tried and discarded; but shall we, therefore, abdicate our reason? I employed false guides, and they misled me. Shall, I therefore, put my head in a bag? [Applause.] The late revolution in Massachusetts no one wonders at. The reigning parties had forfeited their all. As they inspired no respect, they found none. They were turned out in an immense frolic. But I do not like that a frolic should be carried too far. It is told of the Indian Rajah, Jokas Indra, that he had a porter, named Dato, who resembled him so much that he put his own royal robes on him and seated him on his throne, and then took his station at the gate, and laughed to see his courtiers bowing before the porter Dato, and obeying him. But the porter said, "who is that fellow at the gate? Off with his head!" They decapitated the Rajah, and the porter Dato reigned in his stead. Men cannot see beyond their eyes. They dwell in their senses. I shall find the same ebb of thought from all the wells alike. I shall find it in the science, I shall find it in the philosophy of France, in the philosophy of England, and everywhere alike. The want of faith in laws, the worship of the senses everywhere, superficiality and ignorance in civilization, magnifying trifles. I saw a man in a calico-printing mill, who fancied there was no real beauty in any particular pattern, that there was no reason why this should please and the other not. They were all alike, only one happened to take and another did not take. I pointed to his eye, and asked him if he had that blue jelly by chance. But Geometry survives, although we have forgotten it. Everything rests at last on foundations. The calico print pleases because the arrangement of colours agrees with the requirements in the human eye. Were the Parthenon, the Elgin Marbles, the Apollo, the Torso, the result of chance? Were the Graces of Greek architecture, reached by paring away all that could be pared from strength and leave beauty? Is the rich range of beauty, stars and sunshine, the joy of love, the power of music, mere caprice? Or does any man suppose the name of Jesus accidental; the Son who, in different forms and opinions, but with unanimity, conquers the whole race? Or is the representation of the great sages, Socrates, the Stoics, Luther and Washington a chance? There are periods of occultation when the light of the mind seems to be partially withdrawn from nations as well as from individuals. This devastation is represented by slavery in this country and popular servitude in Europe. There are also moments of greatest darkness. In the French Revolution there was a day when men took a strumpet from the streets and proclaimed her the Goddess of Reason, denying that there was any other. In 1850, in Republican America, we passed a statute which made Justice and Mercy subject to fine and imprisonment; and multitudes declared that there was no higher law in the Universe than our Constitution and this. These are straws, less or larger, to show the direction of the wind. In society, in political parties, in trade, in the employments of men, in their expenditure, in the direction of surplus capital—in all these, indifferently, you may see, in the credence of men, how deeply they live. In them all it is the thought of men—what they think is the little helm that turns them all about. Instead of rich minds, great and wise, sounding the secrets of Nature, announcing the laws of science, men glowing with the power of action and benefit, you will find no credence producing nothing, sterility and littleness. This skepticism becomes most mischievous when it assails a vital part; when it climbs into the Courts of Justice, which are the brain of the State.

The idea of abstract right exists in the human mind, and lays itself out in the equilibrium of nature, in the qualities and parts of our system, in the levelling of seas, in the action and reaction of forces. Among men this largest liberty of each compatible with the liberty of all, the protection of my benefit as long as it does not interfere with your benefit, does justice. This was a real discovery of the human mind. It is in vain that all the tyrants and land-owners, and monopolists of the world, set their shoulders. Settled for evermore is the ponderous equator on its line, and man and mote and star must range with it, or be pulverized by its recoil. You cannot use a man as an instrument, and he not use you. If you take advantage of the dark and steal from him, he will assuredly in some way repay you. Congress, in July, 1787, consented to adopt population as a basis of representation, and to count only three-fifths of the slaves, and to concede reclamation of the fugitive slaves, for the consideration that there should be no slavery in the Northwest Territories. They agreed to this false basis of representation, and to this criminal complicity of restoring fugitive slaves, and the splendour of the bribe—namely, the magnificent prosperity of America, from 1787 onward—is their excuse for the crime. It was a fatal blunder. They should have refused it, at the risk of making no Union. Many ways could have been taken. If the Southern section had made a separate alliance with England, or gone back into Colonies, the slaves would have been emancipated with the West Indies, and then the Colonies could have been annexed to us. The bribe, if they foresaw the prosperity we have seen, was certainly one to dazzle common men. I do not wonder that weak men applauded it. But always, so much crime, so much ruin; a little crime, a minor penalty—a great crime, a great disaster. If the South country thinks itself enriched by slavery, let it read the census—let it read the population table. I think it impoverished. Young men are born in that country, I suppose, of as much ability as elsewhere, and yet some blot is on their education. In the present generation, is there one son living to make good the reputation of the past? If the North think it a benefit, I find it saddled with a calamity which has all the effect of a punishment in crime on a virtuous and prosperous youth; it stops his mouth—it ties his hands—it forces him to submit to every species of humiliation—and now it is a fountain of poison which is felt in every transaction and in every private conversation in this country. Well, certain men were perceivers of this right—this idea of right—with more clearness and steadiness than others, and laboured to establish the application of it to the condition of human affairs. They were law-givers, or Judges. All men hailed the laws of Lycurgus, the laws of Mino, the laws of Moses, the laws of Confucius, the laws of Jesus, and the laws of Alfred, and men of less fame, who yet in their places believed in an ideal right, and strove to make it practical. These were original images—perceivers that this is no child's play—no egotistic opinion, but standing on the original law of the world; and the reputation of all the Judges upon earth stands upon the real perception of those few natural or God-anointed Judges. All these men held that Law was not an opinion, not an egotisticism of Kings, or the will of a Democracy, but the transcript of natural right, and the Judge was there as God's organ and expounder, and that his first duty was to read law in accordance with equity, and when equity was broken, to disown the law. All the great Law-givers and Jurists of the world have agreed to this—that an immoral law is void. So held Cicero, Hooker and Selden; and Coke and Herbert, and Holt and Mansfield—all four Chief Justices of England: they held that acts of Parliament (which are in England held to be technically omnipotept) might be controlled by common law or natural equity. "No human laws," said Blackstone, speaking of the laws of nature, "are of any validity contrary to this; nay, if any law should allow or enjoin us to a crime" (his instance is murder), "we are bound to transgress that human law, or else we must offend both the natural and divine." Even the cannon law says: "It is not fit to keep faith with a criminal promise." Neither allegiance nor oath can bind to obey that which is wrong. So held Grotius, and Vattel, and Dagateau, and Blackstone, and Mansfield—all teach the same thing; of course they do. What else could they do? You cannot enact a false thing to be true, and you cannot enact a wrong thing to be right; and I only name their names, not, of course, to add authority to such self-evident propositions, but to show that the black letter lawyers, who are supposed to be more than others tied to precedent and statute, saw the absurdity of enacting crimes. And yet, in Republican America, Justice was poisoned in its fountain. In the State of New York and in the State of Massachusetts, no Judge appeared of character and intellect enough to ask—not whether the law was constitutional, but whether it was *right*. This outrage of giving back a stolen and plundered man to his thieves and plunderers was ordained, and under circumstances the most painful. There was law enough in New York—there was law enough certainly in Massachusetts—to resist the dishonour and the crime, but no Judge had heart to invoke it; no Governor was found to execute it. The Governor (I speak of Massachusetts) is a most estimable man, whom we all honour for his sterling domestic virtues; but he fell upon an era when Governors do not govern, when Judges do not judge, when Presidents do not preside, and when Representatives do not represent [loud applause]. The Judges feared a collision with the Federal Courts. You see the Judges were skeptics, too, and shared the sickness of the times. The open secret of the world was hid from their eyes—the right of animating a private soul with inspiration from the great and Divine Soul in which we live. Man is a little thing when he works by and for himself. The Judge who gives voice to the rules of law and justice is a god-like person. His word is striking in all countries. But a man sitting upon a bench, servile to precedents, or a windy politician, or a dangler trying to give authority to the notions of his superior and of his sect, pipes and squeaks, and is ridiculous. Judges are rare, and must be born such. James I. said, "I can make him a Lord, but I can nae make him a gentleman." A Governor and President can give a commission to sit upon a bench, but only wisdom from above can make a Judge. When your city is on fire, you will make but a feeble spray with an engine while you draw from your own tub; but once get your pipe screwed on to a hose in the River Hudson, and you can pump as long as the Atlantic ocean holds out [laughter and applause]. This was the hiding of the light; but the light shone if it was intercepted from us. Truth exists, although all men deny it. There is a sound and healthy universe, whatever fires or plagues or desolations transpire among its atoms. The sky has not lost its azure, because your eyes are inflamed. Seas, waters, lime, oxygen, magnesia, iron, salts and metals are not wasted. Their virtues are safe, if the individual or a species sicken. There is a healthy interior universe as well, and men are great and powerful as they conform to or become recipients of a great equal, general law. Now, what is the effect of this evil government? To discredit government. When the public fails in its duty, private men take its place. When the British Minister is weak, the *Times* newspaper governs the realm. When the American Government and Governors are false to their trust, men disobey the Government, and put it in the wrong. The Government is forced into all manner of false and ridiculous attitudes. Men hear reason and truth from private men who have great hearts and great minds. This is the compensation for bad government—the field it affords for illustrious men; and we owe a great debt to the brave and faithful men who, in the very hour and place of the evil act, made their protest for themselves and for their countrymen by word and by deed. They are justified, and Law is condemned. But it is not to Societies that the secrets of nature are revealed, but to private persons—to each man in his organization—in his experience. A serious man, who has used his opportunities, will early discover that he only works and thinks surely when he is acting upon his own experience. All forcible men will agree that books, and learned Societies, and learned cities, cannot supply what their own good sense taught them. It is common to say that the invention of gunpowder has equalized the strong and the weak. Never believe it. It never has made any deep differences, and Lord Wellington, weighing his soldiers, proves it. Audacity and good sense have their old superiority, whatever weapons they wield. There are no true "sinews of war" but the very sinews of the arms of valiant men. It is a maxim in politics that man cannot be formidable in Congress unless he is strong at home. I am glad to hear that confession. I say more: I say he must have his *own* support. It is only what strength he carries with him everywhere that can give him any power. Paper money is good only as far as it represents real labour. A member who walks into the Chambers of Congress attended only by his own insignificance cannot gain any strength by the distant shouts of electors. All the British batteries cannot comfort the coward; if he knows there is weakness in his heart, tear off his epauletts, break his sword, and thrust him out of the camp. But, while I insist upon the doctrine of the independence and the inspiration of the individual (and it is a doctrine which cannot be pushed too far, for it is unfathomably deep), I do not kill, but exalt, the social action. Patriotism, public sentiment have a real meaning, though there be so much counterfeit rag money abroad that the name is apt to disgust. A wise man delights in the praise of many people. Fourier, noting that one man had one talent, and one another, calculated that you must collect eighteen hundred or two thousand men to make one complete. We should need to call them all out. Certainly, a social state, patriotism, law, government—all cover real ideas, though words have wandered far from things. A king or head of the state was awful and god-like in the eyes of men while he was the foremost man of all his tribe, and carried the laws, genius and features of the tribe. It was so once in this country, when Washington, Adams and Jefferson really embodied the ideas of Americans; but now we put absurd persons into chairs without character or representative force of any kind, and get a figure awful only to office-hunters [laughter and cheers]. And as a State is a reality, so it is very certain that a society of men, a race of people, have a particular function and part to play in the history of humanity. Thus they thought the experience of humanity had got so far a century ago, that as soon as favourable circumstances admitted the experiment of self-government should be made. America afforded the circumstance, and the new order began. All they intended in America was possessed by that idea. The Declaration of Independence—the Constitution of the States—the party newspapers—the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner"—

"The land of the brave and the home of the free"—

the very manners of the Americans—all showed them as the receivers and propagandists of this lesson to the world. For this cause were they born, and for this cause came they into the world: Liberty to every man—the largest liberty compatible with the liberty of every other man. It was not a section, it was not a private opinion, but the gradual and irresistible growth of the human mind. That is the meaning of our national pride. It was a noble office; for, Liberty is a very serious thing. It is the surest test by which a government can be tried. All history goes to show that it is the measure of all national success. Religion, art, science, material perfection, are as is the degree of liberty. Montesquieu says that countries are not cultivated in proportion to their population, but in proportion to their freedom. Most unhappily this universally accepted duty and feeling has been antagonized by the Southern institution; and that institution, in its perpetual encroachment, has had, through a stronger personality, shall I say, of the Southern people, and through their systematic devotion to politics, the art so to league itself with the Government as to pervert entirely the sentiments of the people of this country, and exhibits an abject regard to the forms, while we are swindled out of the reality, of liberty. Lord Nelson was a man of sterling English sense, and, knowing himself to mean rightly, and being a rough plain man, was much annoyed by the pedantic rules of the service, and went back to first principles, and once for all made up his mind. "To obey orders," he said, "I thought to be all perfection; but the great order of all is, to serve your country and down with the French" [laughter and applause]—and whenever any statute militates with that, I go back to the great order of all, out of which the little orders spring. And he was careful to explain to his officers that, in case they could not see a signal, or it was not understood by them, no Captain could go wrong who brought his ship close alongside of the enemy's ship. And so every wise American will say, in the collision of statutes, and in their doubtful interpretation, that liberty is the great order which all over the world we are to promote. This is the right meaning of the statute. That is the right meaning of the statute which exterminates crime, and extends to every man the largest liberty, compatible with the liberty of every other man. No citizen will go wrong who, upon every question, leans to the side of general liberty [applause]. And while this Society is no fiction, but is, as I showed just now, real rank—he who represents the ideas of men being the head—having a real function, too, that of this race being to eliminate liberty—so it has particular actions which it performs with electric energy. Men inspire each other. It is so delicious to act with great masses to great aims—for instance, one would say, the summary or gradual abolition of slavery. Why, in the name of common sense and the peace of mankind, is not this made the subject of instant negotiation and settlement? What are the great brains for—the great administrative faculties that abound here in the City of New York? what those that abound in New England? what those that are found in every section of this country? if they are not, jointly, seriously and immediately, to propose some scheme which shall peaceably settle this question, in accordance at once with the interests of the South and with the settled conscience of the North. Is it impossible to speak of this question with reason and good nature? Because it is property? Why, then, it has a price. Because it is political? Why, then, it intimately concerns us, threatens us, and there will never be a better time than the present. It is not really a great task—a great fight—for this country to accomplish, to buy that property of the planter, as the British nation bought the West India slaves. I say, buy! never conceding the right of the planter to own, but acknowledging the calamity of his position, and willing to bear a countryman's share in relieving him, and because it is the only practicable course, and is innocent [loud applause]. Well, here is the right public or social function, which one man cannot do, and which all men must do. We shall one day bring the States shoulder to shoulder, and the citizens man to man, to exterminate slavery. It was said, a little while ago, that it would cost a thousand or twelve hundred millions. Now it is said it would cost two thousand millions—such is the enhancement of property. Well, was there ever any contribution that was so enthusiastically paid as this will be? The United States will be brought to give every inch of their public lands for a purpose like this. Every State will contribute its surplus revenue. Every man will bear his part. We will have a chimney tax. We will give up our coaches, and wine, and watches. The Church will melt her plate. The father of his country shall wait, well pleased, a little longer for his monument. Franklin shall wait for his; the Pilgrim Fathers for theirs, and the patient Columbus, who waited all his mortality for justice, shall wait a part of his immortality, also. We will call upon those rich beneficiaries who found asylums, hospitals, Lowell Institutions, and Astor Libraries; upon wealthy bachelors, and wealthy maidens, to make the State their heirs, as they were wont to do in Rome. The rich shall give of their riches; the merchants of their commerce; the mechanics of their strength; the needle-women will give, and children will have a Cent Society. If, really, the thing could come to a negotiation, and a price were named, I do not think that any price, founded upon an estimate that figures could fairly represent, would be unmanageable. Every man in this land would give a week's work to dig away this accursed mountain of slavery, and force it forever out of the world. Gentlemen, I think in bad times we must rely upon these simple truths. Men are beginning to suspect that, in spite of all chance and change, a Divine Providence does rule in the world, and bring victory to the right, and this by every new creation. To this shameful statute opposition will never end—will never relax. While this statute exists—as long as the grass grows, as long as there is summer and winter, as long as there are men—so long will sentiment condemn it. You cannot educate men, or raise them to any mental power, without their discovery of wrong. We do not suffer by defeat. There is longevity in our cause. It can well afford to wait, if God so pleases, for ages. The stars of Heaven, the curious chemistry of nature, the thoughts of the mind, are the emancipators of the slave [loud applause].

From the N. O. Picayune, Jan. 24.

TRIAL OF TWO WOMEN FOR WHIPPING A SLAVE TO DEATH.

First District Court—Judge Robertson—State versus Aimeé Dietz and Eliza Dimitry, wife of John Dimitry. Indictment for murder. The prisoners are charged with causing the death of a slave girl, Lida, the property of Lochanmette, on the 19th of November last, by cruelly beating and whipping her, when already in a feeble state of health, from previous ill-treatment, with a cowhide, on various parts of her body, on the 16th of the same month. Mrs. Dietz is the mother of Mrs. Dimitry, and resides in the house with her daughter, and the slave Lida was a servant in the family. The Jury was empanelled about 11 o'clock yesterday morning. Attorney-General Morse and District Attorney Tappan appeared for the State, and Judge Larue and Judge Burmudez for the prisoners.

The counsel for the accused moved a severance of the defence, in order that the husband of Mrs. Dimitry might appear as a witness for Mrs. Dietz. This motion was over-ruled, and the trial proceeded.

Mrs. Caroline Constant, a German woman, testified that she lives near the accused, and that for a period of six weeks or more, up to within a few days of the death of the deceased, she had known the deceased to be whipped by the accused every day, on an average as often as ten times a day, there being each time some five or six blows inflicted.

Mary Clark, a servant in the family from the week prior to the death of the deceased to the present time, testified that she had known the accused to whip the deceased for stealing, but not in a cruel manner; and that when the slave was taken sick, they were very kind and attentive to her, up to the hour of her death.

Another witness also testified as to the whipping of the deceased.

Dr. Mercier, who attended the *post-mortem* examination, testified that he found several worms in the deceased; that the deceased was afflicted with the worm disease; that this disease was the immediate cause of the death; that there were many marks, bruises and flesh-wounds on the body of the deceased, apparently caused by some instrument of punishment; that the punishments which caused these wounds might accelerate the termination of the disease which afflicted the slave, but that they were not in her case the immediate cause of her death.

Drs. Faget and Velete, who were also present at the *post-mortem* examination, testified as to the numerous marks and bruises and flesh-wounds on the body of the deceased, and also as to the existence of a worm disease, but they differed with the previous witness as to the worm disease being the immediate cause of the death. This they considered a mistake. They thought the injuries were the immediate cause of the death.

At this stage of the trial (nearly 7 o'clock), one of the jurors was taken suddenly ill, and, being removed from the Court-room, was found to be in so critical a state that it would be impossible to proceed with the trial. Accordingly, the Court discharged the jury, and continued the cause to a future day.

CHIVALRY AND CULTURE.

The preparation of the last Census was presided over by a representative of slavery, and of course he marshalled his figures, as far as he could, on the side of that blessed inheritance. But facts are facts after all, and some of them so stubborn that all the ingenuity of their manipulation cannot prevent the truth from peeping out, when it is there. Thus, under the head of the moral and social statistics, given in Mr. De Bow's compendium of the Census of 1850, we find some instructive and useful particulars.

Everybody who has travelled at the South has seen and heard of "the poor white folks"—the same that the negroes designate as poor white trash, "who ain't got no massa"—but the number of them has never been precisely ascertained, nor does the Census furnish any means of getting at them perfectly, though an enumeration of the "illiterate" may perhaps help us to an approximation. It may be taken for granted that all the "illiterate" are at least poor, while there are also many additional poor, that are not entirely illiterate.

There are in the slave States 2,867,567 native whites over 20 years of age, of whom 494,161, or just 17.23 per cent., are returned as "illiterate," while in the free States there are 6,649,001 of the same kind of population, of whom 273,623 are returned as "illiterate," or just 4.12 per cent. The slave States show more than seventeen persons in a hundred, over 20 years of age, who cannot read and write (for that we suppose is the interpretation of "illiterate"), while the free States show less than five in a hundred in the same unhappy condition. But in this calculation, the Territories, such as New Mexico (with its recent Mexican additions), and Minnesota, with a large frontier population, are included in the number of the free States, whereby the comparison is in some degree vitiated. Taking the New England States alone, or the old free States alone, the balance against the South becomes still more damaging. In New England, for instance, only one person in 400, over 20 years of age, is incapable of reading and writing; while in the slave States, the ratio is one in twelve.

In order to exhibit the same contrast in a still stronger light, let us take what might be considered the most unfavourable specimens of the free States, namely: the extreme frontier States, the furthest removed from what is called civilization, and compare them with the oldest and densest of the slave States, which may be supposed to contain the largest number of educated people. Let us compare the illiterate whites, over 20 years of age, in California, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan and Iowa, all new States, with those in five of the most advanced of the older slave States, and the result will stand thus:

Free.	Per cent. of illiterate whites.	*Slave.*	Per cent. of illiterate whites.
California	2.86	Virginia	19.90
Wisconsin	1.04	North Carolina	30.34
Illinois	9.47	South Carolina	12.75
Michigan	2.84	Georgia	18.82
Iowa	8.69	Kentucky	19.95
Average	4.98	Average	20.34

Here we see that, in the new free States, where small provision can yet have been made for general education, less than five in a hundred of all the adult population are "illiterate," while in the oldest slave States, which ought to be best provided with the means of instruction, the proportion of the same class is more than twenty in a hundred, or more than one in five! If these comparisons were made to apply to the total population of the slave States, that is to the negroes as well as whites, and to the total population of the North, or to foreigners as well as natives and free coloured, the contrast would be greatly more unfavourable to the South. Leaving out the negroes, however, and taking in only the total white population, the per centage of "illiterate" in the slaveholding States is more than double that of the free States! Now, if the illiterate are generally poor, as we know they are, it is certain that the slave States have the largest proportion of poor.

As to the degree of popular cultivation in the two regions, it may also be shown by the number of the native whites at school. Let us compare, for instance, several of the free and slave States, which have respectively about the same amount of native white population:

	Native Whites.	Whites at School.	Per cent. at School.
Arkansas	159,946	23,332	13.33
Georgia	514,566	76,914	14.95
South Carolina	266,000	39,993	15.03
Virginia	871,393	109,500	12.26
Wisconsin	193,478	45,441	23.48
Maine	549,674	182,770	33.25
Vermont	279,383	88,656	31.73
Massachusetts	819,044	209,854	25.62

On the other hand, take four free States, similarly situated as to the amount of population:

In every case we find that the free States have nearly double the number at school of the slave States, and in some instances more than double the number.

The same result may be exhibited by the comparative circulation of the newspaper and periodical press. In New England, the circulation of literary papers is in the ratio of 5.30 to each person of the white population; in the middle States, 8.24; and in the Southern States, 1.05. Of political papers, the circulation in New England holds a ratio of 16.38 to each person; in the middle States, 16.30; and in the Southern States, 6.18. The ratio of religious papers in New England is 2.28 to each person; in the middle States, 3.13; and in the Southern States, 0.70. The Southern States here spoken of are Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, excluding the Southwestern slave States, which would greatly aggravate the ratio.

The whole number of periodicals of all kinds, religious, political, literary, scientific and miscellaneous, printed in the slave and free States foots up in this wise:

Free.	No. Copies printed annually.	*Slave.*	No. Copies printed annually.
California	761,200	Alabama	2,602,741
Connecticut	4,267,933	Arkansas	377,000
Illinois	5,102,276	Delaware	421,200
Indiana	4,316,828	Florida	319,800
Iowa	1,512,800	Georgia	4,070,866
Maine	4,203,064	Kentucky	6,582,838
Massachusetts	64,820,564	Louisiana	12,416,224
Michigan	3,247,736	Maryland	19,612,724
New Hampshire	3,067,552	Mississippi	1,762,694
New Jersey	4,098,678	Missouri	6,190,560
New York	115,385,473	North Carolina	2,020,564
Ohio	30,473,407	South Carolina	7,145,930
Pennsylvania	84,898,672	Tennessee	6,940,750
Rhode Island	2,756,950	Texas	1,296,924
Vermont	2,567,662	Virginia	9,223,068
Wisconsin	2,665,487		
Total	333,997,082	Total	78,738,693

The copies printed in the free States are more than four times the number printed in the slave States. The number of whites in the slave States, in 1850, was 6,222,418, and in the free States was 13,330,650; showing that while the latter does not double the former, the papers printed in the latter more than quadruple the former! About the same proportion holds in regard to the public libraries—school, college and church libraries included—of these districts. The States of New York and Pennsylvania each printed more periodicals in a year than all the slave States together (New York about double), and Massachusetts alone nearly as many. The volumes open to the use of the public in New York more than double all the volumes in all the slave States, though New York has only one-half their white population. Virginia has a white population of 894,800, and Massachusetts of 977,154; but the public volumes of Virginia are only 88,464, while those of Massachusetts are 684,015. The State of New Hampshire, with less than half the white population of Virginia, has more than double the number of libraries, with a nearly equal number of volumes. The little State of Rhode Island, no bigger than a Virginia corn-field, has more public books by some 14,000 than all Virginia; and Massachusetts has more than all the fifteen slave States.

The apologists of slavery always boast that there is no poverty in the slave States, while the free States are said to be overrun with poor; but in making the boast, they somewhat exaggerate the difference. There are a great many poor at the South, as we have shown by the "illiterate," while there is no lack of those who are strictly paupers, that is, who are supported, in whole or in part, at public charge. On the first of June, 1850, the native paupers in the United States, as returned by the census, were 36,916, of which 24,860 are referred to the free States, and 12,056 to the slave States. But as the white native population of the free States is more than double that of the slave States, the proportion of paupers, it will be seen, is about the same, namely, at the South 5.16 per cent., and at the North 5.36. Considering the number of commercial cities and large manufacturing towns at the North, and how the tendency among the poorer classes is to desert the agricultural regions in order to crowd into these centres of attraction, we are surprised that the paupers among us are not greater in number than they are. But placing the pauperism of the North in its worst light, and taking in all the poor of the year, native and foreign, we do not believe that it equals the real pauperism of the South; for it is not fair, in a comparison of this kind, to omit the slaves altogether from the class of paupers. Every adult slave, male or female, who does not fully earn his own living, who does not pay for himself, is in effect a pauper. He is a charge upon his master, and, through him, upon the public, just as much as any inmate of the poor-house, or any beggar in the street. What the number of such may be it is, of course, impossible to discover.

It will be seen from all this that the South, if it has most of the chivalry, has very little of the culture of the country. But is it not curious that the institution, which traces itself directly to a divine origin, and is pronounced the most blessed of human relations, should have such remarkable affinity for ignorance and stagnation, and such repugnance for the usual means of enlightenment and progress? The more curious, too, because, according to its own showing, it has existed ever since the creation, having had ample time to develop all its virtues and graces. Now, philosophy, as well as common sense, tells us that the finest product of civilization is social intelligence, refinement and comfort—and these our freedom—though a mere suckling-babe—is producing rapidly—while its venerable neighbour, as old as Noah, if not as old as the hills, lags far behind it in every respect. How much further behind, however, would it lag if some 700,000 northerners, who reside at the South, did not vitalize the better aspects of society there, by instituting schools, newspapers, factories and stores—who can tell? In fact, we rather suspect that the divinity which is alleged to give its special patronage to the system is the blind god of ignorance, idleness and conceit.—*Tribune.*

ARE SLAVES CLAIMED AS PROPERTY?

The *New York Observer*, not long since, had the hardihood to declare that the slaves are not regarded as chattels at the South; the idea of property attaching, not to the *corpus* and the *animus*, but only to the services of the slave! This is its language:

"The slave States recognise this right for life. But they do not recognise the slave as the *mere* property of his master. Those who assert the contrary know that they assert what is not true. All laws that look towards such a recognition are inconsistent with the Gospel of Christ. Such laws as forbid the slave to learn to read, as permit the cruel sundering of conjugal and parental ties, are unworthy of a Christian people, and *ought to be repealed*. But there is no law that permits a master to do with and by his servant as he may with and by his cotton and tobacco. Men have been imprisoned for maiming and hung for killing slaves, just as a parent or master at the North would, for the same crime upon a child or apprentice. *No such thing as property in man is recognised by the laws of any State in the Union.*"

This in the face of the Southern law (vide South Carolina Code), that "slaves shall be deemed, held, taken, reputed and adjudged in law to be *chattels personal* in the hands of their *owners* and *possessors*, and their executors, administrators, and assignes, *to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever.*" And in the face, also, of a multitudinous array of judicial decisions to the same effect. Bearing in mind the *Observer's* absurd declaration, the point of the following will be seen and enjoyed by our readers:

"To the Editors of The Independent:

"Dear Sirs: I find the following fragment in the *Alton Telegraph* of Dec. 15th; for its correctness I cannot vouch.

"'A Righteous Sentence.—Charles Augustus, a coloured man, has been convicted, at Lancaster, Pa., of thrusting his hand into the mouth of a mule and tearing out by the roots the tongue of the poor animal. The punishment inflicted upon the heartless wretch is two years' solitary and separate confinement at hard labour in the county prison.'

"Now, here is a plain case in which the law interposed in defence of the natural rights of a mere animal. I wish to ask the editors of the *New York Observer* whether the master of this ass had any other claim upon him than the simple claim for service or labour, and whether this ass's head, and limbs, and tongue, were his own head, and tongue, and limbs, or were they his master's? or did they belong to the State, while the master had only the simple, paternal claim over him for service or labour? It is certain that the ass comes before the Court, and the Court vindicates its rights. (Unless we keep a watch upon those who have a natural fellow-feeling with asses.) The same logic which demonstrates that no

REMONSTRANCE FROM EDWARD GREELEY LORING.

In the House of Representatives, this morning, Mr. Wilder, of Brookline, presented a remonstrance from Judge Loring against his removal from the office of Judge of Probate, as petitioned for by some thousands of his fellow-citizens. The reading of the document was called for, but, it being long, a motion to have it printed was substituted, which was carried, after advocacy by Messrs. Slack and Stone, of Boston, and Wilder, of Brookline, by nearly an unanimous vote.

Judge Loring commenced his protest by alluding to his appointment, in 1840, by Judges Story and Davis, of the Circuit Court of the United States, as a Commissioner "to take bail and affidavits," pursuant to an act of Congress, and to his appointment, in 1847, by Gov. Briggs, as a Judge of Probate, while still holding the office of Commissioner. From time immemorial, he says, it has been customary for Judges of Probate in this Commonwealth to engage in and transact any business which is not incompatible with the faithful discharge of their probate duties, and that the office of Commissioner has been always held in this State by those who were, as Justices of the Peace, or otherwise, State magistrates.

Mr. Loring then alludes to the fact that, by the act of 1793, jurisdiction in all cases of the extradition of "fugitives from service and labour" had been vested "in any magistrate of a county, city or town corporate," and, therefore, in this Commonwealth, in any person holding a commission as a Justice of the Peace, irrespective of his fitness for the important duties under the act, &c. By the act of 1850, the jurisdiction in question was transferred to the Commissioners of the Circuit Courts. These officers were Counsellors-at-law, appointed by the Circuit Courts in which they practiced, and therefore presumed to be experienced in the administration of justice. To remove this tribunal from corrupting influences, its fees were fixed and limited to a compensation for the merely clerical labour performed.

The Judge then passes to say that, in 1851, the act of 1850 was declared, by the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, to be constitutional law, and as such the supreme law of the State, quoting the words of the justices that "it seems to be the duty of all judges and magistrates to expound and apply these provisions in the Constitution and laws of the United States, and in this spirit it behooves all persons bound to obey the laws of the United States, to consider and regard them." And this authoritative direction, he says, as to the duties of the magistrates and people, was given in direct reference to the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States, the act of 1850, and the laws of Massachusetts, as they then were and have ever since been.

Under all these circumstances, by an application unexpectedly made to him, and of which his first notice was the presentation of the complaint for a warrant, it became his painful duty to perform the official act for which his removal from the office of Judge of Probate is now sought—the same being the extradition of Anthony Burns, claimed as a fugitive from service or labour under the act of 1850. The duty of Commissioners, he continues, is imperative upon them, for, by the terms of the act, they are not merely authorized, but they are expressly "*required* to exercise and discharge all the powers and duties conferred by the act." An application made, fixes the duty, and after the application he can neither decline it or evade it; for if he could legally do so, all others might, and then not only the statute, but the Constitution, would be violated, and the public faith pledged to it, and the oaths taken to support it, would be broken. In this conviction, the Commissioners in this Commonwealth, refusing all pecuniary compensation, have performed their duties to the Constitution and the laws.

Magistrates, the Judge goes on to argue, do not make the laws, and it is not for them to usurp or infringe upon that high power; therefore, if they are honest, they administer the laws as they are committed to them. On this depends the security of everything the laws protect, and that security will be lost when magistrates shall shape their official action by their own or popular feeling, instead of "*standing laws.*" When he was appointed Judge of Probate, he says, he was, by the authority of the people of the State, bound by an official oath to support the Constitution of the United States. This is to be done only by fulfilling the provisions of the Constitution and of those laws of the United States which are constitutionally made to carry the Constitution into effect; and on the authority of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts he confidently claims that, in his action under the act of 1850, he exactly complied with the official oath imposed on him by the authority of the people of Massachusetts.

Judge Loring submits that when he received his commission as Judge, no objection was made by the Executive, or any other branch of the government, to his further discharge of the duties of a Commissioner. Nor at the passage of the act of 1850, nor at any time since, was he notified that the government of Massachusetts, or either the Executive or Legislative branch thereof, regarded the two offices as incompatible; or were of opinion that the same qualities and experience which were employed for the rights and interests of our own citizens should not be employed for the protection of all legal rights of alleged fugitives from service or labour under the act of 1850.

He makes, he says, these latter remarks for the purpose of bringing respectfully to the notice and clear apprehension of the Legislature the extreme injustice and want of equity that would be involved in the removal of a Judge from office for the past discharge of other official duties, not by law made incompatible with his duties as Judge, against his exercise of which no official objection had ever been risked, and which were created and imposed on him by that law of the land which is the supreme law of Massachusetts.

In answer to the prayer of the petitioners, Judge Loring claims as facts—that the extradition of fugitives is within the provisions of the Constitution of the United States; that the act of 1850 was and is the law of the land, and, by the decision of the Supreme Court of this Commonwealth, obligatory on all magistrates and people; that action under the said act was lawful and not prohibited by any State law to the judicial officers of the State, and was in conformity with the official oath of all officers of the State to support the Constitution of the United States; and he respectfully submits that when the petitioners ask the Legislature to punish a judicial officer for an act not prohibited by any statute of Massachusetts, but lawful under those statutes and imposed by that law of the land which is the law of Massachusetts, they ask an abuse of power for which the legislative history of Massachusetts furnishes no precedent.—*Boston Telegraph.*

MR. BURNS AND MR. CURTIS.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: The following letter, from Mr. Thomas B. Curtis, appears in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of this morning. He and his brother, Mr. C. P. Curtis, are entitled to the benefit of the facts stated in it. It is proper, however, to add that, having become, as they had, fully aware of the deep and general indignation occasioned by the arrest of Mr. Anthony Burns—Mr. Thomas B. Curtis may sneer at it, but why not say *Mr.* Anthony Burns as well as *Mr.* Thos. B. Curtis?—they might well be alarmed, as well as Mr. E. G. Parker, one of the attorneys for the claimant, and an active person in getting up the subscription, at the idea of his being taken away from Boston; and might well be willing to pay $500, or twice that amount, in order to prevent it. Looking at it in a mere money light, the "extradition" of Mr. Burns is likely to cost the Curtis family a much larger sum. I am, &c., A Citizen of Boston.

Boston, Feb. 8, 1855.

P. S.—Mr. Curtis states, in his letter, that the prohibition by law of the transaction of business on the Lord's Day prevented the ransom of Burns. I know that our Supreme Court has held that, under the Massachusetts Sunday laws, contracts made on the Lord's Day are void—a decision which, in my opinion, brings the Sunday laws into direct conflict with that clause of the Constitution of the United States which forbids the States to make laws impairing the obligation of contracts. But it seems to me that this matter of the ransom of a man from the hands of the kidnappers might, even in the opinion of our Supreme Court, have come under the exception, which I suppose they would make, of cases of necessity and mercy. Would not the case of pulling a sheep out of a pit, of a Sunday, have been in point? But I will detain you no longer from Mr. T. B. Curtis's agreeable epistle, who, at all events, vindicates by it his claim to the character not merely of a man devoted to the Union, but also of a man of feeling. C. of B.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

I have recently been made aware that my name and some acts of my life have contributed to furnish a theme for several columns of abuse in the New York *Tribune*, under the signature of "a Citizen of Boston," whose taste in the choice of his vehicle I will not question. I am quite sure there is no fellow-townsman of mine base enough to make such an attack anonymously—it bears the stamp of another place—and was written to prejudice the cause of persons connected with me by the ties of kindred and friendship. Some of the charges against me will, by many good citizens, here and elsewhere, be deemed among the most meritorious acts, but that which exhibits the malignity of the authors as well as their falsehood, is attributing to me the title of "Kidnapper," and an endeavour to hold me up to scorn in that relation to "Mr. Burns," who had the misfortune to escape from servitude and to be returned to his owner from this city. The author who treats of me and my family relations, must have had extraordinary opportunities of knowing all about us, but sedulously avoids saying a word that could by any means extenuate the charge against us as kidnappers. Knowing us as intimately as he has shown himself to have done, it is impossible that he should have been ignorant that, at the eventful period of the trial of Burns, on Saturday, May 27th, I was called upon by Rev. Mr. Grimes with a statement that Colonel Suttle had agreed to manumit the slave upon payment of twelve hundred dollars. He had with him a subscription paper headed by Mr. Chas. P. Curtis with one hundred dollars, and left me with the addition of a similar amount. We take no peculiar credit that these names should appear or that Mr. Grimes should have afforded us the opportunity of freeing the slave, or that he had called upon us in previous cases, but, when stigmatized as hard-hearted kidnappers, gladly seizing upon the opportunity of consigning a fellow-mortal to slavery, a recital of the circumstances may not be deemed out of place. When Mr. Grimes left my door, he was asked to let me know his success, and now assures me that it was his intention to have brought the redeemed man to my house that evening. At 11 o'clock at night, I had a call from Edward G. Parker, Esq., and Deacon Grant, who informed me that the necessary sum had not been made up, three hundred dollars being yet wanting, and unless it could be completed immediately, the negotiation would fail within the hour, the claimant having refused to extend the time beyond *that day.* I drew my check and advanced the necessary sum. That Burns was not freed that night was not for want of funds, but of time to draw the papers before the commencement of the Lord's Day, in which the transaction of business is prohibited by law.

Another complaint against me is the having assisted in getting up a Union Meeting in Faneuil Hall. From this charge I seek no escape. The call was in these words:

"The citizens of Boston and its vicinity who reverence the Constitution of the United States; who wish to discountenance a spirit of disobedience to the laws of the land, and to refer all questions arising under those laws to the proper tribunals; who would regard with disfavour all further popular agitation of subjects which endanger the peace and harmony of the Union, and who deem the preservation of that Union the paramount duty of every citizen, are requested to meet and express their sentiments on the present posture of public affairs, at Faneuil Hall."

The roll of signatures is in my possession—is *twenty-seven yards long*, double columns, and it bears the names of a vast number of the best men then living, and of both the great political parties, who rallied for the perpetuation of the union as bequeathed to us by our fathers—names that will be cherished and gratefully remembered when that of the writer in the *Tribune* will, if remembered, be classed with those of Robespierre, Danton and Marat, and the orchestral pulpit of the Music Hall with that other "Tribune" from which they, in the reign of terror, denounced and sent to the guillotine *whole families* of the best citizens of their country. Thomas B. Curtis.

CASE OF BOOTH AND RYECRAFT.

From The Milwaukee Free Democrat, Feb. 5.

On Saturday, the 3d inst., the Supreme Court, in session at Madison, on the petition of John Ryecraft and Sherman M. Booth, unanimously discharged them from custody under sentence from Judge Miller, on a charge of violating the Fugitive Slave Act. The Judges delivered separate opinions. Justice Crawford, while adhering to his opinion of last summer, in favour of the constitutionality of the Fugitive Act of 1850, gave an able opinion, affirming the insufficiency of the indictment to warrant an imprisonment, because it charged us with no offence known to the laws of any State or of the United States; that as the allegation in the indictment did not aver that Joshua Glover *was* a fugitive slave, it was the same as if it was alleged that we had aided the rescue of Joshua Glover, a free citizen of Wisconsin, and that the sentence of Judge Miller, under that indictment, was as trully a nullity as if he had sentenced us arbitrarily, without conviction, without a trial, and without even notifying us that we were charged with any offence. And in this opinion of Justice Crawford *all the members of the Court concurred.*

This decision of the Court was peculiarly soothing to the vanity of E. G. Ryan, Esq., who boasted, after the conviction of Ryecraft, that he had drawn the indictments, and claimed that the conviction under it was owing to his legal skill in framing it.

Chief Justice Whiton affirmed his former opinion, that the act was unconstitutional, because it annulled the writ of habeas corpus and the right of trial by jury. He also took the ground that a law might be unconstitutional in some parts, so that a conviction might legally take place under it, but whether this was such a case he would not inquire. It was sufficient to rest the discharge on the grounds affirmed by Justice Crawford.

Justice Smith gave a long and very able opinion, affirming all he had said in his first opinion, denying the power of Congress to legislate on the subject, reviewing the whole question of State Sovereignty and State Rights, affirming the power of the State Courts to enforce the writ of habeas corpus upon United States officers, and to inquire into the legality of the proceedings of the Federal Courts, as freely as into the proceedings of any other Court. The prisoners were ordered to be discharged from custody.

NEW YORK OBSERVER AT THE WEST.

From The Chicago Congregational Herald.

The following action, taken by the Des Moines River (Iowa) Association, with the note appended, was furnished by a correspondent of one of our cotemporaries. We know a case of a prominent and influential minister in *this* State to whom the *Observer* was sent gratuitously, but who declined to receive it. Its influence in the family is, in some respects, very deleterious.

* Resolved, That the known conservative pro-slavery character of the *New York Observer* is reason sufficient why every Christian should rebuke it; and that, while we appreciate the intended kindness of those friends who have furnished it to us gratuitously, we feel it our duty to refuse longer to receive it, *even as a gratuity*, for the reason set forth in this resolution.

This report was adopted just as it stands above, with but two dissenting votes.

Yours for the truth, J. T C.

* Some friends east have been furnishing the missionaries in the West with the *Observer* for the year past free of cost. It meets with universal reprobation with all *Congregational* ministers.

Emerson.—Mr. Emerson has given a fine anti-slavery lecture, and another on American character. Both lectures were full of pith and point, but neither contained anything of the old transcendentalism. No more feeling in the skies, after the absolute, but sharp observations on human life and manners. Never was such a change, apparently, as from the Emerson of '45 to the Emerson of '55. Then, he fed us out of Iamblicus and the Vedas; then initiated us into the mysteries of New Platonism, and the gigantic abstractions of the Budhists and the Gnostics; then touched on questions of theogony, cosmogony, ontogony; then sang mystic strains with the lyre of Hafiz or Saadi. But now, leaving that upper sphere, he talks about Englishmen and Americans, about slavery and politics, about Mississippi boatmen and the Rochester University. People say, "He is no more a philosopher, but a practical man." But I think he always was a practical man, and never a philosopher—always practical in this, that he spoke to the need of the time, whatever that might be. Years ago, when materialism was more rampant in this community than it is now, Mr. Emerson asserted a high spiritual philosophy. But now, that need being somewhat passed, he gives us other things. So that he may have changed less after all than it might seem. Mr. Emerson was never a builder of systems, but a man of sharp observation and keen insight.—*Letter from Boston to the Christian Inquirer.*

Henry Wilson.—J. G. Whittier, writing to the *National Era*, says: "The election of this gentleman by the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, on the 23d inst., to fill the place vacated by Governor Everett in the United States Senate, seems to us especially noteworthy. Henry Wilson is yet a young man, and, little more than a score of years ago, was a poor lad at service in a neighbouring State, and still later, a shoemaker in the town of Natick, where he now resides. What he is, and what he has attained, he owes to no advantages of family, patronage, wealth or education, but, under Providence, to his own energy, temperance, industry and talents, and to his early manifested love of freedom, and hatred of oppression, in all its forms. If the Senate concur in his election, he will shortly take his place in Congress, by the side of his accomplished colleague, as the representative of a State distinguished for its wealth, learning and refinement, upon whose list of National Senators are to be found some of the noblest names in the annals of the country. Whoever supposes that he has been lifted to accidental distinction by some lucky turn of events, or that he has been tossed high above his natural and fitting position, by the flood-tide of the Know-Nothing excitement, misunderstands alike Henry Wilson and the people whom he represents. He will be found equal to his position."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 17, 1855.

WHO ARE THE PRACTICAL MEN?

Who are the Practical Men? We hear a great deal about them, and are often told that the position of the American Anti-Slavery Society is eminently an impracticable one, and that Practical Men must go somewhere else, where they can "do something." Now, this is just what we want everybody to do, and it is because we are fully of the opinion that our position is the only practicable one, and that they that hold it are the only Practical Men engaged in the Anti-Slavery Cause, that we maintain it and call on all others to come up and help us. Where there is such a terrible Entity as Slavery before our eyes, we know as well as any man that it is not to be assailed effectually by Abstractions. It must be met by Realities and attacked by positive action. But the Plan must go before the Campaign. The Theory must precede the Practice. If a deadly cancer is spreading its ramifications over us, and threatening to make our whole head sick and our whole heart faint, we know that the knife and the cautery must be applied. But we know, too, that the knowledge and the skill which must apply them effectually must preëxist in the mind of the good surgeon. He beholds the end from the beginning, and sees the whole process in his mind's eye as clearly before he begins the operation as after it is over. And he is not to be regarded as a dreamer or an enthusiast because he pauses to explain its necessity and method, for the instruction and encouragement of those that must help him, before he proceeds to his work. This is our position. Ours, to be sure, is a case in which the patient must minister to himself; but it is none the less necessary, and therefore none the less practical, to convince him of his mortal need, and to show him the way of salvation.

A Practical Man, we take it, is one that proposes a way of doing a thing which is possible, if not probable, and effectual, if it can be carried through. All Abolitionists unite in wishing to destroy Slavery, chiefly for the ills it works to the Slaves, and, secondarily, for the mischiefs, moral, social, political, which it does to themselves. Who proposes the most likely way of bringing this about? We confine ourselves to those who profess to make the Abolition of Slavery the main end of their various modes of political action. The political, or rather the voting and swearing-to-sustain-the-Constitution, Abolitionists (for we claim to be as much political Abolitionists as the most pragmatical of them) are divided into two classes, viz., first, those who admit that Slavery is recognised in the Constitution, and are bent on keeping it within the limits they suppose the Constitution originally meant for it; and, secondly, those who hold the Constitution to be an Anti-Slavery Instrument, and that Slavery may be abolished under it by Congress, in the exercise of its ordinary powers. And first of the first. These gentlemen admit the generally received opinion as to the meaning of the Constitution to be the true one. They acknowledge that, in some way or other, Fugitive Slaves are to be given up, on demand and proof, to their masters; that the Slave Trade was permitted for twenty years, and can be constitutionally revived by the action of Congress; that Insurrections of Slaves come within the description of Domestic Insurrections, against which the whole Nation guarantees all its parts; and that the three-fifths of "other persons," other than citizens, who are to be represented in Congress, are Slaves and nothing else. We think that they are right in their law; but we differ from them *toto cælo* in their philosophy and in their morality.

We do not see how men holding these opinions as to the Constitution, and deeming the things thus provided for damnable and accursed, can swear to support an Instrument containing these provisions and purposes. We do not see how they can take this Dilemma by the horns, in either keeping their oath or breaking it, without finding themselves impaled on one or the other of them. But, supposing they can find an unction that is sufficient for their case, as conscientious Abolitionists, how is it with them as political statesmen? They acknowledge Slavery to be in the Constitution. So the least they can do is to keep it strictly within the lines there marked out for it to dwell in. They have been trying to do this for some seven or eight years. And what has been their success? Let New Mexico, and Texas, and Kansas, and Nebraska answer the question. They hold, to be sure, that the action of Congress in these things, and the remedy provided in the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, for the return of runaways, are unconstitutional, and may be amended and recalled. Aye, but how and when? These gentlemen may be right, but they have the whole nation against them. If they can get a majority in Congress, they may alter these things at their pleasure; but what is their chance of doing it? The scheme of tying the bell about the cat's neck was an excellent one for the rats. But there was a terrible preliminary question to settle—who was to bell her! With the entire South, commanding almost half the Senate, against them, and with the opinion of nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand at the North against them, too, what is the likelihood of their getting a majority? Are the Slaves to be left at the mercy of the masters, with all of us standing behind them with our muskets aimed at them to keep them from rising, and with our troops marching fugitives to the National Slavers, with drums beating and colours flying, until they have done this? God help us and the Slaves, too, if our deliverance is to be adjourned till that day! So as to the Abolition of Slavery by an alteration in the Constitution. How soon could a two-thirds vote be got in a Senate almost half Slaveholders? We do not question that those who think this are honest men; but we must be allowed to deny that they are *practical ones.* We think it would be a more feasible and a much more effectual one to propose washing all the blackamoors white.

So as to those who maintain the Anti-Slavery character of the Constitution, and the absolute nonentity of any pro-slavery clause in it. We do not deny that there are very sincere and honest men who hold this opinion, and we readily admit that they can read their title clear to the paradise of the polling-booth much better than the Constitutional Abolitionists, just mentioned; but, unluckily, they are in a yet smaller minority than the others. They have the entire Bench and Bar, National and State, against their construction; they have all the history and all the legislation of the country on the same side; they have also what almost the entire nation, themselves excepted, consider as the common-sense of the matter against them. It looks to the Nation (with the respectable, but very minute, exception just allowed) like arguing the very nose off the face of the Constitution to say that there is no Slavery there. For they but regard it, and there it is as plain for all folk to see as "the tower of Lebanon that looketh towards Damascus." The facial promontory of the hero of Slawkenbergius's tale did not perk itself more persistently in the faces of the burghers of Strasburgh than is this feature of the Constitution thrust into theirs. How long will it take the ingenious and able men, Messrs. Gerrit Smith, Goodell, and others, to obtain a working majority, on this platform? We think they would have to wait till the Greek Kalends, which was the classical way of saying, the Next day after Never. We think Nicholas Romanoff may be expected to become a Member of the Peace Society (as his brother Alexander was, for that matter), or, we will say, a Plain Friend, and Mr. Bonaparte a Red Republican, about the same time. Indeed, these things are the more likely of the twain, inasmuch as they would only require the change of an individual's opinions; whereas, the other presupposes the change of a Nation's settled ideas, which it has, for sixty years and more, recognised by tacit consent, by adjudication and by legislation. We do not think that those who accept this as the only effectual way, and who give their labour and strength in that direction, are practical men. They labour in vain and spend their strength for naught.

Now, we Abolitionists of the type of the American Society do not attempt to solve this problem of Slavery by any key or clue found in the Constitution. We think that the American Nation interprets its meaning aright. We believe that the men who made it knew what they meant to do, and did it with a diabolical skill, which must put to shame all the Machiavels and Loyolas that ever disguised tyranny in the robes of State or of Church. And we believe that their successors, from that day downward, have understood it, in all substantials, as they intended it. We do not look for any good thing to come out of that Nazareth. We point out the only way by which we can remove ourselves off the slave's neck, and give him a chance for himself. We maintain that what is wanted is not Repeal of Old Laws or the Enactment of New, not a modification of legislation. What the times demand is Revolution—a Radical Change of the political relations of the Country—a Separation, virtual if not explicit, between the Slave States and the Free. Then the crushing weight of the moral and physical force of the North would be taken off the breasts of the slaves. If they see fit to appeal to Arms and the God of Battles, we can at least choose our side. Our moral power, and that of the civilized world, can be brought to bear on the masters with a thousand times the force that we can use while entangled in their alliance. By the acknowledgment of slaveholders themselves, the Dissolution of the Union would be equivalent to the Abolition of Slavery. It would be taking its life to take the means whereby it lives.

But it may be said, how is your plan more radical than those you condemn? How long will it take you to bring the people up to the point of Revolution? For a practical beginning, it will not be necessary to bring the whole people, or half of it, up to that point. It can be made in a single State. Let the people of Massachusetts, or Ohio, resolve that the Slavery Clauses shall not be executed in their jurisdiction. Let them nullify all laws and constitutions that contravene the Higher Laws of Humanity and Hospitality. Let them make it a Penitentiary Offence for any man to act as Judge, Commissioner or Marshal in a Case of Claim; let them declare the slave-hunter and his tools out of the protection of law, so that any man that sees them may slay them; let them resolve to protect the fugitive with the whole physical force of the State, and let them forbid any of their officials to swear to support the Constitution they are thus determined to break—if they will do this, they will have made a very good beginning, and one that is practicable, without any help beyond their own frontiers. But they would soon have help enough, and a State that should thus vindicate its honour would dictate the laws of the Union, or break it in pieces. Had the labour, talent and money that has been spent in trying to send men to stultify themselves and their constituents in Congress been expended in purifying a Single State, we believe the work might have been nearly done by this time. We hold that we are the only Practical men in the Camp before Slavery, so far.

A recent article, in *The Independent*, on the American Tract Society, thus alludes to the suppression, in the biography of Mary Lundie Duncan, of the encomium of George Thompson.

"Much has been said about other passages which are not found in this professed abridgment. For our part, we find no fault with the omission of passages eulogistic of Mr. George Thompson. The standing of that man in his own country, among religious people, is not such that any religious Tract Society need hesitate about expunging from the diary of an enthusiastic young lady any passages, in prose or verse, expressive of her admiration for his eloquence. The omission is as reasonable as in a parallel case it would be to omit an ill-considered compliment to the late John N. Maffit."

This charge against George Thompson is understood to be made by the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven. He may mean by it one of two things.

Either he intends to say that George Thompson is so irreligious and immoral a man that his example is necessarily a pernicious one, and nothing can be considered as pure when coming from so corrupt a source;

Or he means merely that George Thompson not being recognised as an evangelical Christian by the "orthodox" sect at home, the Tract Society is, therefore, authorized to strike out from their publications anything that he may have said on the subject of slavery, or anything that others may say about him as an Abolitionist.

Dr. Bacon must have meant one or the other of these things, if he meant anything, and it is not to be supposed that he wrote carelessly; or without a purpose. Both positions are worthy of a moment's consideration.

A Doctor of Divinity is no more bound, that we know of, to act in obedience to the Decalogue, than common mortals; but as it is his professed calling to teach that obedience, we are naturally more surprised if his life does not illustrate his instructions than when mere ordinary men, whose divinity, if they have any, is rather a happy accident than an absolute necessity, are found to be without grace. "Thou shalt not bear false witness" is a commandment not unfrequently broken, but the sin is not, on that account, in any degree, lessened. And here is a reverend divine unquestionably guilty of its breach. If Dr. Bacon means to accuse George Thompson of being a bad man, and, therefore, deservedly of evil reputation among his countrymen, we do not hesitate to declare that Dr. Bacon is himself a maligner—that he has borne false witness against his neighbour—that he has, without question and without examination, accepted some scandalous rumour as the truth, and has lent himself to propagate a base falsehood which has no better foundation than an unreasoning prejudice. George Thompson's character is above reproach; and where his enemies have succeeded in injuring his reputation, it has been because he is better, not worse, than other men, and has devoted himself, in the pure spirit of philanthrophy, to unpopular causes for the good of his fellow-men. If Dr. Bacon means to assert the contrary, he should have been careful to have informed himself, beforehand, as to whether he had any good ground for such an accusation, and we ask that it be produced; if he has it not, he should retract and apologize.

But if he means merely that Mr. Thompson's standing is not good because he does, or does not, belong to this or that sect, then it is only necessary to point out that position to expose its absurdity. If, for such a reason, the Tract Society may expunge an allusion to George Thompson, it may take the same liberty with anybody else whose theological tenets that Society may not like. If Mary Duncan, or any other person, whose journal or memoir shall be republished by the Tract Society, should allude to the famous declaration of Wesley, that "Slavery is the sum of all villanies," strike it out, for Wesley was a Methodist; if the writings of Channing, on this subject, be alluded to, omit the allusion, for Channing was a Unitarian; if a firman of the Sultan be quoted, refuse to copy it, for the Sultan is a Mahometan; if, in speaking of the slave trade, the opinion of the late Pope is given as an evidence of the universal execration of that traffic, suppress it, for the Pope is notoriously of no "standing" among "religious people" of the evangelical sort; if Jefferson be cited, as one, among slaveholders, who saw and deprecated the terrible evils of slavery, cross him off, for he was a free-thinker; if Benezet, or Woolman, or Hicks, or Hopper, be referred to, expurgate the reference, for they were unregenerate Quakers, with the loosest notions on the clergy and the sacraments; in short, if the Tract Society need not hesitate to expunge from its publications the sayings of any man, or any allusion to his anti-slavery labours, because that man may not happen to be in good and regular standing in an orthodox church, then it is allowed a far larger liberty of expurgation than it has ever claimed, or than, we suspect, it ever dreamed of. It owes grateful thanks to Dr. Bacon and the *Independent* for so timely a hint. Plainly, the *odium theologicum* is its best defence.

We are afraid, however, that Dr. Bacon cannot limp off on so lame a foot as this. He knows better than to put so poor a plea in the mouth of the Tract Society, and orthodox as he is, would be ashamed of any such illiberality. We are afraid, moreover, that he cannot even excuse himself on the score of carelessness, if he should take the other horn of the dilemma, and acknowledge that his exception to George Thompson is as a man, and not as a sectarian. Thompson, at home, is known as an early and devoted advocate of anti-slavery, and that gives, rather than takes away, a good reputation in Great Britain. He was as widely known, also, as an influential and powerful advocate of the Repeal of the Corn Laws; and if that made him unpopular with a cl[illegible] for a season, it does so no longer, for the Corn Laws no longer exist. Perhaps some odium may attach to him now, because he would have justice done to the oppressed millions of India, because he is a believer in universal suffrage for his countrymen at home, and because he would give to the common people those rights which the aristocracy of England think belong to themselves by divine law; but he is as well known in this country as he is in his own, and it is here only, in fact, that he wants "standing." Need we state the reason? He was driven out of it once by a mob, who would have taken his life if they could have got at him; and near sixteen years later the mob remembered him, and howled and blasphemed in their fear of his presence. Among those who, on his first visit, would have gladly compassed his death, were the Colonizationists, for he did more than any other one man, excepting Garrison and Jay, to expose the absurdity and wickedness of their scheme. In those days, Dr. Bacon was a Colonizationist, and, if we are not mistaken, was one of the ablest, most earnest and most industrious advocates of that Society in New England. We do not mean that he sought, or would have rejoiced had the mob here, or in Boston, succeeded in putting Thompson to death. But, we fear, the bitter feeling engendered in those fierce times has remained with him to this day, and that no "enthusiastic young lady," even, can expect his forgiveness who expresses admiration for one whom he regards as the foe of his hot youth. No wonder he forgives the Tract Society. *That* only ignores George Thompson; *he* can vilify him.

WISCONSIN IN REVOLUTION.

In another column will be found a brief statement of the grounds upon which the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in a hearing upon *habeas corpus*, discharged from prison Messrs. Booth and Ryecraft, who had been committed, under a sentence of the U. S. District Court, for aiding in the escape of Glover, an alleged fugitive slave. Since that statement was put in type, the Opinions of the Wisconsin Judges, as written out by themselves, have come to hand. They are of such manifest importance that we shall publish them in full next week.

It seems to have been taken for granted, by the presses which have noticed the subject, that the fines, notwithstanding the discharge of the prisoners, are still to be paid. It strikes us, however, that, as the fine and the imprisonment were constituent parts of the same sentence, the one is no more legal than the other, and that the State Court, in setting aside the verdict of the U. S. Court, discharges the prisoners from penalty in property as well as in person. If Ryecraft and Booth refuse, as we presume they will, to pay the fine, by what right can the U. S. Marshal levy on their goods? They were sentenced to imprisonment *and fine.* The imprisonment is pronounced illegal, and they are discharged. What means is there by which the fine can be collected? And why cannot the respondents defend their property against seizure by U. S. officials as rightfully as they would defend it against any common larceny? If the U. S. Government can, by legal means, be prevented from collecting the fines, the friends of freedom, who are willing to share the burdens of the defendants, may, to that extent, spare their contributions; although the sums thus far collected, and perhaps a still larger amount, may be needed to defray the expenses of the trial. If we are wrong in our view of the subject, we respectfully ask those who are learned in judicial lore to set us right.

The following paragraphs from the Milwaukee *Free Democrat* will show how the decision of the Court is regarded by those who, living on the ground, may well be supposed to understand its bearings and the state of public opinion.

"We look upon this decision as the first effectual check to the Slave Power in this country. It is the beginning of the end—the dawn of a better day.

"Of course, all the other indictments, viz., against Byron Paine, C. K. Watkins, Frank Raymond and Herbert Reed, of this city, and Messrs. Clement and Pillsbury, of Racine, if drawn in the same manner, as we presume they are, come under the dissolving touch of our Supreme Court. Whether Judge Miller and Attorney Sharpstein will continue the prosecutions, under these nugatory indictments, remains to be seen. They put fees into the pockets of the Attorney, the Clerk of the Court, and E. G. Ryan, who has officiated as the retained counsel of the Government, to do the work of Slavery. He declares his readiness to back up Judge Miller in his sentence, and swears that we will yet have to serve out our time, and that, if he were Judge Miller and the prosecution, he would have the Sheriff and the members of the Supreme Court sued for the escape of Ryecraft and Booth from prison."

"Wisconsin Redeemed.—The two great events of the past week are the election of Charles Durkee to the United States Senate, for six years from the 4th of March next, and the decision of the Supreme Court, overthrowing the Fugitive Act, annulling the sentence of the Slave-Catchers' Court, and declaring Wisconsin a Free State, and her citizens entitled to the protection of a Free Government.

"The first event is a lesson to demagogues, doughfaces and political trimmers. It is the hand-writing on the wall, foretelling the utter downfall of Hunkerism in this State, and is the prophecy and earnest of victory for the Republican cause at the next State election.

"The last is the voice of the people, uttering, through their highest legal tribunal, the mandate that the Fugitive Slave Act shall be strangled, and is an authoritative commission to every freeman to perform the office of undertaker and bury it out of sight.

"Wisconsin may now well claim the first rank in the sisterhood of States, as the pioneer and champion of Freedom. We shall need no more Emigration Agents or Emigration Societies to induce the right class of people to come to Wisconsin. Our Supreme Court and the Republican party have superseded the office of all such agencies."

"Justice Smith's Opinion, on this last application for a discharge from imprisonment, is more able and important than his first Opinion. He denies the appellate jurisdiction of the United States Supreme Court to review and reverse the decision of the Supreme Court of our State. This, now, is the great point to be maintained. It is essential to the sovereignty of the State, and the safety of the citizen. For if the United States Supreme Court may annul the decision of our State Supreme Court, our sovereignty is a *sham*, and our citizens have no protection against the encroachments of the Federal Government—no barrier against Federal centralization and consolidation. We commend the reasoning of Justice Smith to the careful consideration of every citizen. It is the true doctrine, and is vital to the Freedom of the people of the States and the perpetuity of our Republic.

"We feel proud of Wisconsin, and rejoice in the decision of the Supreme Court, and especially in the opinion of Justice Smith."

A COLOURED PRO-SLAVERY CHURCH.

There is, in this city, an Old School Presbyterian Church, composed of coloured people and known as the "Immanuel Church." Its pastor, the Rev. H. M. Wilson, is a coloured man, and a graduate—as we are informed—of Princeton Theological Seminary, an institution involved in a pro-slavery cloud so dense as scarcely to be penetrated by a single ray of impartial liberty. This coloured church belongs to the First Presbytery of New York, and is therefore part and parcel of the Old School Presbyterian Church of the United States, and to be held accountable for the pro-slavery action of that Church. It looks for support to the white Cotton Hunkerism of this city, and, in order to get such support, it is willing to eat whatever amount of pro-slavery dirt the Cotton Divines and their tools may lay upon its platter. Just look at the following extract from the proceedings of the Presbytery, at a special meeting, held on Monday last, as reported in the daily papers:

The subject of purchasing a building in Downing street, near Bleecker, now occupied by a Society of Friends, for the use of a coloured congregation under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, was introduced, and statements made by several gentlemen who had examined it, as to the condition of the building, and the probable amount that would be required to purchase it.

Mr. Wilson said that the building they were now occupying was an uncomfortable one, and entirely unfit for purposes of worship, and that many of his congregation were becoming dissatisfied. The gentleman also said that, on account of the views he entertained on the subject of slavery, he had encountered much opposition from parties differing in opinion with him. He thought that the ultraism manifested by a large class on the subject of slavery, and the constant agitation of the question, was productive of no good—in fact, utterly impracticable, and for this reason he had opposed it. In consequence of this, the members of his congregation were constantly besieged with persuasions to leave him and connect themselves with other churches. He feared that, all things combined, his congregation would be seriously diminished unless the Presbytery would help him to procure a more suitable place of worship.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander said that Mr. Wilson had laboured diligently and deserved well from the Presbytery. The spirit of opposition which had risen against him among a certain class of ultra-Abolitionists was unholy and unchristian, and had come from his alliance with the First Presbytery. The Rev. gentleman alluded to the disreputable localities in which the coloured people generally reside, and said that it had frequently been a matter of wonder to him—living as they do, surrounded by the vilest dens of prostitution and rum-holes—that their daughters did not grow up prostitutes, and their sons villains. He thought that the good character which they had maintained was attributable, in an eminent degree, to their natural inclination to Christianity; and, while they are disposed to worship God, those who have the means are under obligations to furnish them with proper edifices for that purpose. He trusted the Presbytery would feel it their duty to procure for Mr. Wilson's congregation a more comfortable house of worship.

After some further discussion on the subject, the Rev. Mr. Phillips offered a resolution to appoint a Committee of three, with power to raise funds for the purpose of securing a suitable place of worship for Mr. Wilson's congregation, and that the Committee be instructed to purchase the house in Downing street, provided it can be had for a reasonable sum.

The resolution was adopted, and Messrs. William Post, Horace Holden and Seth P. Staples were appointed said Committee.

The Rev. Dr. Spring thought that in view of the constant decrease of coloured people in the city, as they were fast being driven out by Irish and German immigrants, some provision should be made for the disposal of the property, should the time arrive when it was not necessary for the use of the coloured people; and for this purpose he offered a resolution to the effect that, in such case, the property should be placed in the hands of the Board of Home Missions for the purpose of Church extension, which was adopted.

We commend this case to the attention of those who insist that coloured people are, by virtue of their complexion, Abolitionists, and to be confided in as such. Here is a coloured minister who, in order to stand well in the estimation of pro-slavery Hunkers, is willing to spit upon the Anti-Slavery Reform as an unholy thing; and it seems there are not wanting persons of the same complexion to constitute the flock of such a "wolf in sheep's clothing."

We should like to ask Dr. Alexander who is responsible for compelling coloured people in New York to live in "disreputable localities," where their "daughters are liable to grow up prostitutes and their sons villains"? Who, but himself and others like him—men who treat persons of a dark complexion as an inferior caste, unworthy to associate with white people, and fit only to be sent out of the country with all possible expedition?

*THE ANTI-SL

some surprise that such a childish farce, enacted by a mere handful of Missourians in Kansas, should excite here any serious apprehensions in regard to the triumph of slavery there.

Kickapoo city, consisting simply of a few little cabins, tenanted mainly by people from Missouri, and being located on the Missouri River, nearly opposite the town of Weston, it is a matter as easy as it is unimportant for a dozen dingy spirits to cross the river, issue their mock decrees, deposing officials serving by virtue of legal appointment, and substituting others, but an exhibition of folly at a secluded spot on the border would excite no alarm among the freemen over Kansas's extended area. These Quixotic sovereigns might retire to their homes, as doubtless they did, inflated with the fancied greatness of their achievement, but leave, as they certainly did, the wheels of government moving on as before, unclogged, and every officer as quietly at his post as though he had not been by solemn proclamation displaced. It is an easy matter anywhere for men to vote themselves emperors or kings, but sometimes troublesome to wear the crown.

Whether freedom shall exist in Kansas or slavery be established there, is a question of population exclusively. Southern gold may buy up and export thither, on election day, a cheap article of humanity, and violence and mob-law may rule for a few brief months; but this question, as all others, must ultimately be settled in accordance with the wishes of the people of Kansas themselves. Whether a majority of the settlers will go from the free or from the slave States remains to be seen; yet the future seems not difficult to interpret. There are now more people North who, if thoroughly informed in regard to the beauty and fertility of that Territory, with its salubrious climate, would emigrate thither in one year than the South, in her comparative poverty, could, with all her appliances, send in ten. But will this ascendancy be attained by the North? As yet it is a matter of opinion; although the signs of the times seem clearly to foretell such a result. Missouri, having the facility incident to a contiguous State, will empty into Kansas at once the full stock of her population that can be induced to emigrate, and thenceforth her store will be exhausted; but from the populous free States a continuous tide will flow in for years. Although we may expect soon to see in Kansas a force, consisting of Northern men, which Senator Atchison and his *border troops* can neither intimidate nor outnumber, yet it were well, perhaps, to look at the subject for a moment in its most unfavourable aspect. Should, then, the people of Missouri succeed for a time in their insurrectionary movement against the fundamental law of the Territory, and, bidding defiance to the governmental authorities, trample under foot the most valued rights of its citizens, would it be too much to presume that a future Congress, and especially the one elect, would, during the existence of such a state of things, listen to no memorial praying for the admission of Kansas into the Union as a slave State? What are the facts in the case? The doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty," as enacted into a law, is the bantling of Western Missouri's chosen chief, the establishment of which doctrine, with its adjuncts, kindled in the North a spirit of resistance to the despotic encroachments of the South which has already consigned many a traitor to his political grave. Atchison gloried in the achievement, because he relied confidently upon the application of this new doctrine, quietly to plant slavery in a remote Territory, while the discomfited people of the free States were consuming their breath in croaking their tale of grief; but Yankee enterprise discovered the value of the fair domain to be doomed to the desolating curse, and at once the noble determination was formed that this exotic should not take root in its soil.

Unexpectedly to these slavery propagandists, the complexion of affairs in Kansas began to change in favour of liberty. They adopt new tactics, and now seek, by violence and bloodshed, to prevent the operation of that principle of Territorial Government which they had perilled the Union to establish.

I repeat it, the question as to the character of the future institutions of Kansas is population alone. In this light it ought to be represented, and the strongest encouragement should constantly be given to toiling thousands at the North, who would thereby infinitely better their condition to emigrate thither, and no inducement could be stronger than honest representations of the pre-eminent beauty and fertility of the Territory in question, together with its multiplicity of other characteristic advantages.

By action alone can a great work be accomplished, and it is a matter of profound regret that the friends of freedom, instead of earnestly labouring to achieve a triumph, should be forever occupied in sending forth their jeremiads and crowding the public journals with their doleful prophecies of defeat. To those who contemplate a permanent removal to that Territory, where the conflict is one of numbers, in a warning voice, they virtually say, go thither if you will, but your home will be made in a land of slaves. It is *their* influence, in preventing Northern emigration, which is to be feared more than the power of Senator Atchison and all his retainers. Convince the Northern people that slavery will inevitably go into Kansas, and it is already there, for you keep back the power which would stay its advance. It is in producing this belief at the North that Missouri stakes her forlorn hope of success, and her intended enemies are her most efficient aids. One might well exclaim, save us from the hostilities of our friends, and the enemy will be ours.

K. COATES.

ABDUCTING A SLAVE.—Samuel Charles Chappel, who had been previously employed in Savannah, Ga., in procuring subscribers for a New York paper (name of the paper not mentioned), was committed to prison in that city, on the 5th inst., in default of $1,500 bail, upon the charge of stealing and carrying out of the State a slave girl, owned (according to Southern law) by Mr. James Sandiford. The girl was put in male attire, and, thus disguised, went off upon the railroad, in company with Chappel. They reached Montgomery, Ala., where they were arrested and detained to await the arrival of officers from Savannah. Chappel, it seems, confessed that he took the girl, but said he intended, after availing himself of her labour for a time, to return her to her master. If his object had been to take the girl to the North and thereby secure her freedom, he would be entitled to our sympathy; but there is no evidence that such was his purpose. The penalty for his offence is imprisonment for not less than four nor more than ten years.

REFORM TRACTS.—We have received from the Wesleyan Methodist Book-Room, Syracuse, eight Tracts, of which we give the titles as follows:

Slavery a Sin against God. Parts I. and II. By Luther Lee.
Popular Sanctification of Sin; or Dangers to our Civil Inheritance. By H. B. Knight.
The Sin of Licentiousness.
Evils of War. By Rev. W. W. Crane.
The Mexican War. By Rev. W. W. Crane.
A Tract for the Times; the Maine Law. By Rev. Luther Lee.

These are well worthy of general circulation. It is only fair to acknowledge that the Wesleyans, in issuing such tracts, offer a merited rebuke to the more popular sects. We only regret that they are not consistent and thorough enough to repudiate the blood-cemented Union and all who support it.

THE *Rhode Island Freeman* closed its second volume with the issue of Feb. 11th. The editor states that its further continuance will depend upon the efforts of its friends, who are asked to procure 500 new subscribers, that number being indispensable to defray its expenses. We certainly hope this condition may be complied with, for we regard the *Freeman* as an able and useful paper. Its discontinuance will be a reproach to the friends of freedom in Rhode Island.

SLAVERY OPPOSED TO NATURAL LAW.

MAN is a being of progressive perfectibility. The brute is perfectible as to the individual; man is perfectible as to the species. The swallow builds its nest now as it did a thousand years ago. The man naked and nomad a thousand years ago, now inhabits a palace. Had man been created with the instinctive knowledge necessary to his conservation and preservation, he would have been a mere machine, not guided by motives furnished by experience and reason, but like the brute, and Adam before he eat the tree of knowledge, who did not know he was naked. It is the ignorance of man at birth, the fact of his knowledge being acquired and progressive, not instinctive and stationary, that constitutes his intellectual character, makes him essentially a being of progress and of unlimited perfectibility. It is, therefore, clearly the design of Creative Wisdom that man is a being of progressive perfectibility. Slavery is opposed to human progress; therefore, it is opposed to the will and design of God, as written in the book of creation. Progress is denied the slave. It is a crime in America to teach him to read. It is only a few months since a benevolent and respectable lady (in an American slave State) was fined and imprisoned for having taught a young "nigger" to read, and that a Presbyterian clergyman whipped his slave to death. The American criminal law has the same penalties for cattle-stealing as for "nigger-stealing," thus classifying man, "the paragon of animals," with the brute, without even the protection that European civilization affords the brute by laws against cruelty to animals. It is unnecessary to crowd examples, or multiply quotations, to prove that, in the United States of North America, the slave is deprived of the power and the right of progress, and even of the protection that a humane legislation affords the brute creation in Europe. That this legislative degradation of man, depriving him of the power and right of progress, is contrary to the will and design of God, as declared in his works, and revealed in human organization, can be proved by innumerable facts and analogies. It is impossible to deny design in creation, and also the positive evidence that that design is benevolent, and that its object is the happiness of the human race. To the sense of hearing in man has been added the perception of harmony (of what is called music). To the sense of smell, the alimentary guide of the brute, has been added, in man, the perception of perfume. To the perception of form, necessary for conservation and preservation, has been added, in man, the perception of beauty, &c. &c. The designs of Creative Wisdom are multitudinous as the objects that constitute the universe. Obedience to these designs produces happiness; disobedience, suffering and pain. The happiness of the human race is, like its perfectibility, progressive. Slavery is opposed to progress, therefore opposed to human happiness, and is in direct opposition to the laws of God, as written in the great book of creation. It is rationally self-evident that progress is the exponent of the natural history of man; to deprive him of this power of evolution is to deprive him of his generic title, of his rational attributes, for Reason itself is intellectual progress, the divine inheritance and birthright of the human race, antecedent to all slave laws, and guides man in "*the pursuit of happiness*," to the abolition of slavery, with the same justice, with the same conformity to the Divine Will as it does to the punishment of criminals, the destruction of beasts of prey, or the draining of a noxious marsh. It is, therefore, quite clear that slavery is opposed to the progressive perfectibility of man, consequently to his happiness; that it is in contradiction with the evident intention and will of Creative Benevolence, as revealed in the works of creation, of which progress and happiness seem to be the object and end.

Some advocates of slavery have attempted to show that the negro is specifically different from the white man, and, therefore, not subject to the same laws. This argument is easy of refutation. Nature has limited the multiplication of species by the unproductiveness of hybrids. Productive offspring are confined to parents of the same species. The fact of individuals being productive proves they belong to parents of the same species. The children of the negro and white are not hybrids, for they are not barren, and their parents are, therefore, individuals of the same species. The unity of species is still further proved by the negro being created with the same powers of progressive perfectibility, subject to the same laws of progress as the white man, deriving, like him, his knowledge from experience and reason (not from instinct), possessing unlimited capacity for moral improvement and knowledge, which slavery alone checks, in flagrant opposition to the laws of God, as written in the book of nature, and in violation of every generous and noble sympathy of the human heart.

Slavery is opposed to the free excise of parental love, separates the parent from the young, in violation of the will and design of Creative Wisdom. This is one of the most important and irresistible facts recorded in the great code of natural law, and enacted by the Divine Legislator, against slavery. In the brute, parental love exists only so long as it is necessary for the conservation and preservation of the offspring. If continued longer, the amount of pain and suffering inflicted on the race would be great, from the necessary separation of the parents from the young. This great evil the benevolence of Creative Wisdom has avoided, by having so organized the brute that, when the period necessary for the separation of the parent from the young arrives, there is a complete cessation of parental affections; even the knowledge of the identity of the young disappears with the necessity of their being forgotten. In man it is quite otherwise. Human parental love is neither weakened by the age nor the number of the offspring. Had it been necessary, in the economy of the universe, that the negro young should be taken forcibly from their parents, as is the practice in slaveholding countries, they would have been so organized by Creative Benevolence that, like the brute, they would have been insensible to the pain of separation. That this is not the case in man proves it was never intended. The fact of human parental love surviving the maturity of the young, when parental care is no longer necessary for their conservation and preservation, is a clear proof that the Creator never intended them to be forcibly separated, as is the case with the slave and the brute.

Slavery violates the most sacred laws of nature (the laws of God, for nature is his work), and, with sacrilegious and bloody hand, cancels and tears to pieces the great bond of parental, fraternal and social love, engraved on the heart of man by the finger of Divine Intelligence. The evils of slavery, as the result of a violation of natural law, are strikingly visible in North America. It is a monster evil, maintained by fraud, defended by violence, protected by that fearful silence that always surrounds despotism, and enforced by the tyranny of the lash, the bowie-knife and the revolver. The star-spangled banner is stained with the blood of the slave, and bedewed with the tears of the widow and the orphan. It waves not in freedom over the human chattel. The bereaved mother may, with streaming eyes, gaze on it without hope, with the last scream of a beloved child ringing in her ears and piercing her heart. The dim eye of the expiring victim of the lash may see it floating in bright heaven, lying in the face of God, like a pestilential meteor, a fatal vision, drizzling blood. Was it for this that Washington fought? Is this the end of the American Declaration of Independence? But seventy years a republic, and there are four millions of slaves! Four millions of human beings, stripped of their specific character, robbed of their divine right, raise their eyes to Heaven, supplicating aid, and stretch forth their hands, loaded with chains, imploring the sympathy, the advocacy and support of civilized humanity.

Slavery cannot last. It cannot oppose the tide of intellectual progress. Society is undergoing vast changes, that neither tyranny nor revolution can arrest. The body politic is alimented by a circulation of railroads; the telegraph wires, the nervous filaments that convey its thoughts; painting is executed by an imponderable and impalpable pencil of light. The oldest monarchies of Europe have abolished feudalism. Spain and Piedmont have proclaimed religious toleration. Europe enfranchises; America enslaves. It was in the Republic of the United States of North America that, a few weeks ago, a Presbyterian clergyman whipped a slave to death, and that a synod of that Church declared slavery no sin, but that dancing was a sin, and that the views of those who furnish the funds should guide their action!! President Pierce, in his address, dare not, before civilized Europe, speak of slavery. True it is, he addressed "citizens"; he has no subjects, but he has four millions of slaves, who, although human beings, are neither citizens nor subjects, but reduced to the level of the brute, cattle-stealing and "nigger-stealing" constituting the same species of felony in slave State legislation. Contrast Abdul Medjid, the Emperor of the Turks, with President Pierce. Abdul Medjid, in a firman, dated October, 1854, thus speaks of slavery: "Man is the most noble of creatures made by the hand of God, who has given him his inheritance of happiness in the privilege of being born free. But, in opposition to his primitive and happy destiny, the Circassians deal in slaves, selling them as merchandise. This practice, incompatible with the dignity of man and contrary to the will of the Sovereign Creator, I condemn," &c. (Here follow the penalties.) President Pierce never touched on slavery. Certainly, if he has neither justice, remorse nor conscience, he possesses the merit of a little shame; and to his fear of the execration of the civilized world we owe his silence on slavery, his apparent indifference to the fate of four millions of human beings, who are neither citizens nor subjects, owned, not governed, and who figure only, in American statistics, as so much live stock.

It is not surprising that the slaveholders are partisans of the Emperor Nicholas. They possess with him more common sympathies, common objects and unity of interest than with any European State. They are both alike ambitious of conquest. The Russian Eagle would seize on Turkey, the American Eagle on Cuba; the one to extend and perpetuate slavery, the other despotism. Slavery is doomed to fall so sure as the Mississippi falls into the sea. The monster will be destroyed by time, for time is progress, and progress is reformation. It is opposed to the genius of Christianity, yet there are American Doctors of Divinity who blasphemously pervert the Word of God, in its advocacy and support, to such an extent that public meetings have declared "the American Church the bulwark of slavery." This is only in accordance with the principle "that those who furnish the funds should guide their action."

I ardently hope that the few arguments I have brought forward here may serve the great cause of slave emancipation, and that the American Declaration of Independence may be carried out honestly and faithfully, by giving to every human being "the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

DAVID LESLIE.

Toulouse (France), January 1, 1855.

POLITICS.

The Legislature of Pensylvania balloted twice, on Tuesday last, for United States Senator, without success. Simon Cameron, the Know-Nothing candidate (a slippery politician), lacked seven votes of being chosen. We hope he may never come any nearer to the goal of his ambition. The election was postponed for two weeks.

——AUGUSTUS CÆSAR DODGE, U. S. Senator from Iowa, after betraying the interests of his constituents by supporting the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and being rebuked and superseded therefor by the Legislature of that State, has been nominated and confirmed as Minister to the Court of Spain. It is thus that the National Government continually exerts its power to bribe the Representatives of the North in behalf of the Slave Power, rewarding base cupidity and treachery with offices of honour and emolument.

—— The Washington correspondent of the Satanic *Herald* writes as follows: "Seward's, Wilson's and Durkee's election to the Senate has paralyzed Know-Nothingism in Maryland and Virginia. Unless the Northern Know-Nothings make some authorized statement proving they have not been instrumental in electing these Abolitionists, the order is already used up in the South. Great excitement prevails here on the subject, and several delegates have arrived to confer upon the proper steps to be adopted."

——CHARLES DURKEE, the newly elected Senator from Wisconsin, is said by his friends to be something more than an original Free Soiler, having been an Abolitionist as early as 1842. He represents in his own person the highest aims of the Republican organization, and can be depended on, under all circumstances and in all contingencies, to stand steadfast in the Senate in defence of these aims. He cannot be bought nor frightened. There may be men in the Senate who will outshine him in mere intellectual effort, but there is none who will represent humanity in its height, and length, and breadth, more truly than will he.

——HON. LYMAN TRUMBULL, an anti-Nebraska Democrat, has been elected United States Senator by the Legislature of Illinois, over Gen. Shields, present incumbent. He was a member elect of the other House, consequently his acceptance has created a vacancy in the Illinois delegation, which must be hereafter filled. The election of Judge Trumbull is a bitter pill to Douglas, who hates him intensely for his independence, and also a severe rebuke to Gen. Shields, who, elected in 1848 as a Free Soiler, has betrayed the interests and the rights of his constituents.

——We have already mentioned the fact that the Hon. SALMON P. CHASE is likely to be a candidate for Governor of Ohio at the next election. The Republican presses of the State are united in urging his nomination. The Williams County *Standard* says:

"Some of the Administration papers—especially the Ashland *Union*—are prolific in their protestations against the nomination of Mr. Chase. They know which 'side of their bread is buttered'—that if Mr. Chase is a candidate, there is but a poor chance for Mr. Medill, or anybody else. We regard Mr. Chase's nomination as certain; and, after this, his election is a fixed fact. The people of Ohio are anxiously waiting to commend Mr. Chase for his decided opposition to the Nebraska fraud. They are determined to make him Governor, and they will do it. Mark that!"

——A Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* gives a sort of 'charcoal sketch' of Gen. Cass, which every friend of freedom and humanity must admit to be exceedingly truthful and life-like. We give an extract:

"There is really no stand up in him. He is not the man who is known as an animal who stands erect on a perpendicular vertebra. He does not go upright, but *hoops* through the world. If you hit such a man, you don't knock him down; you only set him spinning. You might as well talk of knocking down a football. He is the natural advocate of squatter sovereignty, for he is a professional squatter himself. He never does anything else. He always squats. He squatted on Slavery, squatted on Internal Improvements, squatted on the Proviso, squatted on Nebraska, and was never known in any emergency to do otherwise than squat. He is a squat man of himself; and at length, through the action of the people of Michigan, he has been reduced to a Senatorial squatter. He is occupying territory that does not belong to him and which the owner thereof has ordered him to quit. But he does n't go; he still squats.

"Indeed, Mr. Cass is, politically, all putty and dough. The wonder is he has ever exhibited any powers of locomotion. Men generally need bones to do this. But Cass has not one. He is purely mucilaginous. He is human blanc mange with the flavouring omitted. Doubtless he is virtuous and pious after his own standard. But it is a virtue and piety which spring from the fear that the devil will get him at last. So shaky, so timid, so filled to the brim with all manner of apprehensions, from the frown of a slaveholder up to the imaginary scowl of Satan, he dreads to fall into the hands of either. Such a man must be pious—very.

"Mr. Cass enjoys the high honour of standing at the head of a class. This is the political mock-auctioneers of our times—men who keep the red flag flying continually, and perpetually expose their brass and pinchbeck, declare them to be pure gold, and try to impose upon everybody. He is the head and front of the whole breed of doughfaces, of which it is to be hoped this generation will see the last; but perhaps not. It is hard to eradicate an entire breed, especially when it is bad. Foul weeds need perpetual uprooting. The signs of the times, however, denote that most of them will be brought to the stake for their crimes. Let us, at least, hope so. If we only could get rid of the troublesome rascals, and bring the North and South face to face on the slavery question, we should have peace and harmony. The question would then be settled once for all. But the doughfaces and compromisers thrust in their time-serving interference and make all the mischief. The Lord deliver us from the whole doughface race—timid, hare-like, truckling, spongy, prevaricating, backing out, selling out crew. If such a thing existed as a political Jew-shop, the whole tribe could not be pawned for enough to replace the wig of the venerable head of the order upon whose merits we have descanted."

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Correspondence of the Anti-Slavery Standard.

LONDON, January 4th, 1855.

MR. EDITOR: You are so well supplied with facts and correspondence from England that it is hardly probable that any new correspondence will receive a welcome. But as I do not propose to write a very long letter, my few lines may perhaps be allowed a place in your columns.

There seems to be quite an erroneous impression in America respecting the anti-slavery operations in this country. The truth is, there is very little doing here in this noble cause of freedom. The people are right enough; there is a willingness in them to cooperate in any well-directed movement; but they very naturally look to the Societies to take the lead. As this is never done, the consequence is, the people are in greater ignorance of the anti-slavery movements in America than you have any idea of. Take, for instance, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society—what do they for the Anti-Slavery cause? Nothing but obstruct it. Who ever heard of any movement originating with them, at least of late years? Orthodox or heterodox, it matters not to them, if anyone comes here from America, no matter how well accredited, if he wants to collect funds, they will put themselves in his way. They say that they want funds themselves; and they are likely to want so long as they are the great means of keeping this country in ignorance of the abolition movements. It is pretty well known that they were displeased that Mrs. Stowe had funds placed in her hands for her disposal, though they could not well express it. So with S. R. Ward's success: they thought that the funds should have gone through their hands, and, indeed, all moneys for anti-slavery purposes furnished her should be appropriated by them. The consequence is, that this Society is a direct obstructive to any accredited agent from any Society in America, if he comes for money.

It is not so generally known as it ought to be, and as I hope it will be, that this has been the case with the Rev. James Vincent, the accredited agent of the American Reform Tract and Book Society. He will, no doubt, publish his own version of his experience in England, when he returns, but I may here say that his mission has not received the support of this Society, but it *has been* obstructed. Even when the gentleman was engaged in one of the most important discussions that has been conducted in this country for many years, and which resulted in the complete overthrow of the attempted alliance of the Churches of this country with the American Board of Missions, the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* did not take any notice at all of his labours. This was most discreditable, but just like that Society. When the work was done and Mr. Vincent was getting out his pamphlet which contained the whole account of the proceedings, this Society very magnanimously appropriated the results of his labours, and took the facts from his pamphlet to put into a leader, without giving him the credit of having done *anything*, when it is doubtful if this Society would ever have moved in the matter of the American Board at all if he had not first commenced, aye, and finished, the battle.

The Anti-Slavery Conference is past, and a good many things were *seen* that would be difficult to express. They will, however, develop themselves in time. The discussion on American Slavery and the Churches was the most animated and interesting. You will be able to judge for yourself when you get the verbatim report of the proceedings about to be issued. Parker Pillsbury made an admirable speech, and was most faithful with the Society of Friends and others. Mr. Vincent improved the opportunity by showing the inconsistency of some of our officers and committees, and Dr. Campbell, J. H. Hinton and others, heard what will probably teach them that it will not be either wise or safe in them to advocate alliances with the pro-slavery Societies in America. This discussion might have been prolonged to twice the time that it occupied, with profit, but I am sorry to say that it was evident that facts were not pleasant, and repeated requests were made to the speakers to *be brief*; and had it not been for the Rev. J. Sherman, it is doubtful if the discussion would have resulted so favourably as it did. There are few men here to compare with this gentleman. He has removed from the metropolis, but I hope his valuable life will long be spared. He is every man's friend, especially is he the friend of the oppressed.

You have doubtless heard that Mr. George Thompson has become the Editor of the *Empire*, a widely circulated weekly. He is a wise man. He does not always do as people would have him; this you know very well; but his experience has taught him many valuable lessons. It is a difficult thing to please everybody, and it is most difficult to please one's own friends. Sometimes I have felt as if I would give anything to have no friends. I doubt not but he has. However, friends or no friends, he will be found with the foremost of the advocates of the slave.

I must not close without noticing the *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, published in Dublin, by R. D. Webb. It is the most thorough *Advocate* the slave has on this side the "big pond." Whoever is engaged in an anti-slavery enterprise, no matter who he is, if he is at work, the *Advocate* keeps its readers posted up, and uses its influence to awaken public interest in him. This is as it should be. There is also a very energetic Society at Bristol, which withdrew from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society in 18—, because of its unfaithfulness to the cause of American Anti-Slavery. There is also the Manchester Anti-Slavery League, and the Leeds Anti-Slavery Society, both, I believe, entirely independent of the British and Foreign Society, but both producing a good impression because of their unsectarian bias.

War you don't want to know anything about, I suppose, at least I hope not. We are all war now; but, unless my ears deceive me, I can hear murmurings, which will be audible to others besides myself before long. Everybody is not satisfied. The friends of the murdered are not. It is all very well to talk of dying gloriously on a battle-field, but fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers don't feel satisfied with such glory. Wives and children left to mourn a husband's and a father's death by the sword or cannon don't think much of such glory, and no wonder, for it is not glory. People don't like their friends murdered abroad more than at home, and this shooting, and cutting of throats and bayoneting men is beginning to be called by its right name—MURDER.

This war would look far different if the officers and men knew what they were fighting for, but they do not. One of them, writing home, says, "One half of us don't know what we are fighting for, and the other half hope it is not for the Turks." Here is a shocking state of things, but I do hope and believe that the public feeling is fast being enlisted against the war. *Twenty-six millions of pounds already expended.* This has to come out of the pockets of the people, and, in addition to the slaughter of tens of thousands of our countrymen being so revolting, the expense will be an item for consideration, and the people will be, ere long, pretty unanimous in the opinion that if fighting is done at all, those who do it must pay for it.

I often wonder how men can be such fools as to go to fight for the chance of getting *thirteen pence* a day, and the equal chance of losing their lives, especially when they have no particular object in fighting, any further than obeying the word of command. But when I walk through some of our streets; when I visit some of our manufacturing districts, and see the wretchedness and poverty which exist; when I remember that thousands of honest men are *obliged* to steal or die; when I know that women and men, parents, as capable of getting a living as any one, and as willing, are, nevertheless, out of employment for weeks and often months, and their children crying to them for bread, I do not so much wonder that the army gains recruits; they are forced into it; it is their last resort; their choice is between death by starvation or the sword. My God, I sometimes say, 'tis well that all men don't feel as I do, for, surely, if anything would make me fight, it would be for my wife and family, to rescue them from the oppression to which the poor of our own land are subjected. And the poor, that is, the lower classes, are not the only sufferers. The middle class, while it is by far the most useful, and, in fact, is the spine of the country, is in a most deplorable condition. Some few have plenty of money, but as a rule they have not. They have trades, and they must keep up a certain appearance, which costs them as much or more than is required for the respectable maintenance of a family, and this appearance is often maintained at the expense of the actual necessaries of life. No doubt there is plenty of money in England, but those who have it will keep it, and those who have it not are those who, if they had it, would do good with it. But I said that I should write a short letter. I must leave off here or you will not believe me; so, to retain your confidence, I will remain, very sincerely, yours, in the cause of freedom, peace and universal brotherhood,

ARTHOS.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12th, 1855.

You will remember that I, several weeks ago, animadverted, at some length, upon the course pursued by the *German Democrat* of this city. Pardon me for recurring to the subject again; the arena in which the journalist and his coadjutors are the gladiators—I hope you will not understand me as suggesting the idea of a house divided against itself—has come to be that in which almost all contests of public importance are settled; this must be my excuse.

In the *Democrat* of the 15th ult., I find a rejoinder of some length to my last letter, and, although I have not the least idea of involving the editor of that journal in anything like a discussion of the slavery question, the respectful tone of his article, as well as the intrinsic importance of the subject, calls for some notice of his reply.

Let me say, then, to the editor of the *Democrat*, that, however solicitous we should all be to guard the Republic, wherever it exists, against the dangers which await it, we should be equally careful not to waste our energies in supporting, under that name, any form of government which is essentially a Despotism; in a word, not to allow ourselves to be imposed upon by a *name*. That a government which is founded, as that of the United States unquestionably is, upon the principle here put into literal practice, that the labourer is an article of merchandise, can ever, otherwise than ironically, be called a Republic, seems to me a simple absurdity. The logical difficulty cannot be avoided by the assertion that a great majority of the people are in the enjoyment of the "largest liberty"; the radical nature of the government remains the same. Viewed from this point, then, the government of the United States is preferable to the despotisms of the Old World only in that the prevalence of oppression is confined within narrower limits; but when we come to examine into the essential nature of the despotism which our forefathers attempted to unite with the Republic, we see at once that there is not another status which can compare with it in infamy. It is superfluous to point out wherein serfdom in Russia and slavery in Turkey are preferable to chattelism in the United States, an institution whose abominations are only the more glaring from the violent contrasts which it presents to the general principles of the government, and the religious and political professions of the dominant class.

I fancy the editor of the *Democrat* would look with decided suspicion on the professions of the Abolitionists if they should join in the hue and cry raised by the Know-Nothings, against whom he indulges in diurnal declamation, and he must not take it amiss if I (who, for one, have no sympathy, whatever, with that organization) should express my surprise that he, a foreigner, should speak with so much indifference of the "humanistic impulses" which lead us to desire the overthrow of human bondage, and of the "negro-sympathy" which enables us to see in a black slave, born on our own soil, a *man*, entitled to all the rights and privileges which we are ready and glad to confer on the alien.

As for the "State Sovereignty" of which the editor of the *Democrat* speaks, the term has never met with any other than the Southern interpretation; it means in South Carolina the right to imprison coloured seamen from the North and lynch the agents legally delegated to protect their rights, while in Massachusetts it means the inestimable privilege of submitting, through fear of bullets and bayonets (and those bullets and bayonets belonging to the "Republic," too), to the most flagrant outrages upon a humane public sentiment which justly feels that liberty receives her deepest and deadliest wounds in the persons of the humblest members of the human brotherhood.

With these remarks I dismiss the subject, merely expressing the hope that the editor of the *Democrat* will yet come to perceive the truth that the Heart has its rightful functions as well as the Head, and that a defence of such a "compact" as the federal Union is within the rightful province of neither the one nor the other. Let us have *things*, not *words*.

The lecture of Ralph Waldo Emerson, at the Sansom Hall, on last Thursday evening, is said to have given great satisfaction to the audience assembled for the purpose of hearing that distinguished gentleman. Unfortunately for myself, my engagements prevented me from attending, so that I can only speak from hearsay, a thing which I regret the more as I have never yet had the pleasure of *listening* to his eloquence.

During the past week the cold has been more intense in this region than it has been since 1838, the mercury standing, several mornings, three and four degrees below zero. My natural love of equalization would, singularly enough, make a compromise in the premises between February and August highly desirable. We could very well have spared ten or twelve degrees *per diem*, this week, to forestall the sweltering heats which are doubtless in store for us during next July and August. ✱

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MONTREAL.—F. St. J. can have the whole of the present volume if he wishes it.

T. D. OF NEW RICHMOND.—Did he receive a letter asking an explanation a few days since?

Summary.

WITHDRAWN FROM CHURCH.—Gov. Wright, of Indiana, has withdrawn from the Methodist Church, assigning that his pastor was a "Know-Nothing."

EXECUTION OF A SLAVE.—On the 26th ult., a negro man, named John, was executed in Macon, Ga., for the murder of Michael Sweeney, committed about a year ago. The negro was a runaway from Pulaski county, and killed Sweeney whilst attempting to arrest him.

LOOK OUT FOR SLAVE-CATCHERS!—We were credibly informed last night that certain parties from Baltimore, Md., are in the city, who are evidently here with the intention of SEIZING FUGITIVE SLAVES! Be on your guard.—*Pittsburgh Gaz., Feb. 2.*

MILWAUKEE FEMALE COLLEGE.—We are glad to learn that the sum asked from our citizens, to relieve this important institution from debt, and thus secure the promised endowment of $20,000 from the Ladies' Association at the East, has been nearly subscribed. When this is done, it will become one of the best institutions for female instruction in the land, and connect itself, through the Normal department, with our general system of free public schools.

UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR.—The Malboro (Md.) *Advocate* states that, about a week ago, a gentleman in Calvert county, named Bowen, found a runaway slave of Mr. Nevitt on his premises. Mr. Bowen attempted to arrest him, when he made a desperate resistance with an axe, and finally Mr. Bowen fired on him, and wounded him in the leg, from which he bled to death before assistance could be obtained.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A lad named Francis Lyman went out skating in Adrian, Michigan, a few days ago. Just before the boys started for the ice, the mother of little Frank called him to her, and cautioned him to be careful and not break through the ice. The little fellow promised he would; and, stopping a moment, he told his mother, "*if he should get drowned*, not to let any of the boys disturb his playthings, and to have them sent to his little cousin in Cincinnati." He then kissed his mother and went to play. In a short time he was brought home a corpse.

CAN'T TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.—A friend, sending us a club of subscribers from Ohio, says: "Phillip Clay is a coloured man. He was born in Virginia, sold and taken to Alabama; but, by hard labour and economy, succeeded in purchasing, first himself, then his wife, daughter, and grand-daughter, for $1,900. He now resides in this village, owns good town property, keeps a grocery, but no liquor, carries on the shoe business, and pays for the *Era*."—*Nat. Era.*

PATRIARCHAL DOGS.—The following extract from a journal of Texas shows that the cost of a negro is not covered by his purchase money, but that patriarchs are sometimes liable to other expenses:

"NEGRO DOGS.—The subscriber will keep, at the plantation of Mr. Young, in the county of Brazoria, the celebrated pack of NEGRO DOGS formerly owned by Mr. John Glascock.

"Price for catching negroes, $25, or $5 per day.

"june 15 1t "J. PORTICE."

A serious stampede of slaves took place from Richmond, Va., on Saturday night. Five likely and valuable slaves made off to parts unknown, one of them taking $1,500 of his master's money with him. The Richmond *Dispatch* says it is very evident, from the number of slaves that have escaped within a short time past, that they have the assistance of Abolition emissaries. The slaves, of course, cannot be supposed to run away from happiness "of their own motion." They are probably victims of misplaced confidence in the truth of a celebrated "rhetorical flourish."

THE LAW WORKS WELL.—The Inspectors of the Michigan State Prison, in their recent report, say: "The law abolishing capital punishment in this State took effect on the 2d day of March, 1847, since which time, a period of nearly eight years, only fifteen persons have been convicted of murder, and sentenced for life to solitary confinement, at hard labour, in the State prison. Believing that our present statutory provision for the punishment of persons convicted of murder has become the settled policy of the State, the Inspectors see no good reasons why this policy should be abandoned or materially changed."

A runaway slave named Grandison Boyd, who had taken refuge, some years since, in Rochester, left the country, as many others did, at the time of the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, from fear his owner might reclaim him. He went to Australia and commenced work in the gold mines. When he left he was indebted $200 to a crockery merchant in this city, who had no very strong hopes the debt would ever be cancelled. A few weeks since, however, he received a letter from Boyd, stating that he had just arrived at Liverpool from Australia, where he had made $8,000, and enclosing a draft for £40 ($200), the amount of the debt.—*Rochester Democrat.*

UNDERGROUND ROAD.—From the *Toledo Blade* (Ohio paper) we learn that a woman recently came through on the underground railroad with her pursuers close at her heels. She was white—so white that no one would have suspected her African blood. Arrived at Toledo, she was taken charge of by some friends and stockholders in the road, and duly provided for. She had the satisfaction of getting a look at her pursuers and beholding their anxiety; but of course they did not see her. She was forwarded under the care of the conductor, and a despatch, afterwards received, announced her safety.

CURIOUS TRIAL IN NEW ORLEANS.—In the first District Court, an attempt was made, Dec. 20th, to try Gilbert Maxent and Urisia Guesnon—free coloured men—for killing another free coloured man, in a duel fought with small swords, at Algiers, last year. They were indicted—the first as principal and the other as second. The trial could not be carried on in consequence of the quick exhaustion of the panel—the State challenging all the jurors who were in favour of duelling, and the prisoners doing the same by all opponents of the "code of honour." Maxent is a desperate duelist, and is said to have received thirteen sword wounds in an affray at English Bend, about twelve years since.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—We perceive that the South Carolina Legislature, at its last session, chartered a College for the education of Females. Petitions for the incorporation of a similar institution have been introduced in our State Legislature by Mr. Litlejohn and other members. The petitioners ask that a fund be set apart from the proceeds of the sales of the swamp lands, and an institution be established under the fostering care of the State, which shall give to its daughters the same opportunities for acquiring a liberal education that are now offered to its sons by the State University. The subject of Female Education has also been under discussion in the Indiana Teachers' Association.

RESIGNATION OF A U. S. COMMISSIONER.—George W. Meeker, Esq., has resigned his office of U. S. Commissioner, which he has held for many years, in Chicago, owing to his repugnance to acting under the Fugitive Slave Law. The following is a copy of his resignation:

To the Judge of the Circuit District Court U. S., Dist. Illinois:

Being unwilling to aid in enforcing the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law, I hereby resign the office of United States Commissioner, for a long time held by me under your appointment.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

Chicago, Jan. 29, 1855. GEO. W. MEEKER.

MORGAN FOUND.—The Masonic *Mirror* publishes rather a curious story, to the effect that Morgan, who, it was alleged, was murdered by the Free Masons for disclosing their secrets, has been found in Smyrna in Turkey; that he now goes by the name of Mustapha, and is engaged in teaching the English language. The authority given for this report is one Joseph A. Bloom. According to the *Mirror*, this man Bloom met Morgan at a house in Smyrna, to whom the latter gave a detailed account of his adventures. It is stated that Morgan left the country in the ship Mervine, which sailed from Boston to Smyrna, and belonged to the firm of Langdon & Co. The Captain's name of the Mervine was Welch. It matters little, now, perhaps, whether the story be true or false

A WHISKEY BONFIRE.—In noticing a recent Temperance meeting at Havre-de-Grace, Md., *The Baltimore Clipper* affords the following indication of progress in that direction:

"The meeting assembled in the Methodist church, embracing the most respectable and wealthy inhabitants of that town; there were also a number of persons from our city among the audience, which was so large as to fill the church. Mr. White, of Philadelphia, was the principal speaker, and, during the meeting, twenty-three persons signed the Temperance pledge. At the close of the exercises

Miscellaneous Department.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH POETRY.

Before the (Boston) Lowell Institute.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Reported for The Boston Daily Advertiser.

LECTURE VI.

SPENSER.

CHAUCER had been in his grave one hundred and fifty years before England had secreted choice material enough to produce another great poet. Or perhaps we take it for granted that Nature understands her own business too well to make such productions cheap. Beauty, we know, has no charm like that of its eternal unexpectedness, and the best delight is that which blossoms from a stem of bare and long days.

Or is it that the spirit of man, of every race of men, has its fatal ebbs and floods, its oscillations between the fluid ideal and the solid matter of fact, so that the doubtful line of shore between them is, in one generation, a hard, sandy actuality, with only such remembrances of beauty as a dead sea-moss here and there, and in the next is whelmed with those graceful curves of ever-gaining, ever-receding foam, and that dance of joyous spray knows not, so bright is it, whether it be sea or sunshine?

What English Poetry was between Chaucer and Spenser, there is no need to say. Scotland had given birth to two or three poets of that kind which is qualified by the epithet *national*, which is as much as saying that they took account only of the relations of the universe to the north north-east corner of human nature instead of the whole circumference of it. England, in the meanwhile, had been enriched with Sternhold and Hopkins, but, on the whole, the most important event between the death of Chaucer and the publication of the Faery Queene was the introduction of blank verse. Perhaps the blank poetry suggested it.

Before the Faery Queene, also, two long poems were printed and popular—the Mirror for Magistrates and Albion's England. How the first of these was ever read it is hard to conceive, unless we accept the theory of some theologians that our earth is only a kind of penal colony where men are punished for sins committed in some previous state of existence. The other was the work of one Warner, a conveyancer, and has a certain philological value now, from its abounding in the popular phrases of the day. It is worth notice, also, as containing the most perfect example in the English language of what is called a conceit. It occurs in his account of Queen Elinor's treatment of fair Rosamond:

> With that she dashed her on the lips
> So dye'd doubly red;
> Hard was the heart that struck the blow,
> Soft were the lips that bled,

which is nonsense, and not poetry, though Dr. Percy admired it. Dr. Donne, and the poets whom Johnson called metaphysical (as if all poets were not so), is thought to be full of conceits. But the essence of a conceit is not in a comparison's being far fetched—the imagination can make fire and water friendly when it likes—but in playing upon the meanings of two words where one is taken in a metaphorical sense. This is the mark of a superficial mind always, whereas Donne's may be called a subterficial one, which went down to the roots of thought instead of playing with its blossoms.

Not long after the Faery Queene, were published the Polyolbion of Drayton and the Civil Wars of Daniel. Both of these men were respectable poets (especially Drayton), but neither of them could reconcile poetry with gazeteering or Chronicle-making. They are as unlike as a declaration in love and a declaration in law.

This was the period of the Saurians in English poety, interminable poems, book after book, and canto after canto, like far-stretching *vertebræ*, prodigious creatures that rendered the earth unfit for the dwelling of Man. They are all dead now, the unwieldy monsters; icthyo, plesio, and megalosauri, they all sleep well, and their vast remains are found imbedded in those vast morasses, the Collections of the Poets. We wonder at the length of face and general attrabilious look that marks the portraits of that generation; but it is no marvel, when even the poetry was such downright hard work. Poems of this sort might have served to while away the three centuried evening of antediluvian lives. It is easy to understand how our ancestors could achieve great things, where they encountered such hardships for mere amusement. If we agree with Horace in pitying the pre-Homeric heroes because they were without poets, we may sincerely commisserate our forefathers of that generation because they had them. The reading of one of these productions must have been nearly as long a business as the taking of Troy, and deserved a poet to sing it. Perhaps fathers, when their time on earth was up, folded the leaf down and left the task to be finished by their sons—a dreary inheritance.

The popularity of such works shows the insatiable thirst of the human soul for something which, at least, tried to be beyond mere mattter-of-fact. This thirst for the ideal transmuted these books into poetry, just as the eternal drought of the desert turns muddy water into nectar, and the famine of the shipwrecked sailor gives a flavour beyond French cookery to a soup made of old shoes (*potage aux chaur*). But meanwhile, nature, who loves surprises, was quietly preparing a noble one. A new poet had been born, and came upon that arid century fresh and dewy as out of the first dawn that waked the birds in Eden. A great poet is always impossible—till he comes, and then he seems the simplest thing in the world—to the commentators. He got this notion here and the other there; similar subjects had been treated by such a one, and the metre first used by such another. They give us all the terms of the equation; satisfy us that a plus b—c=x, only we are left in the dark to what x is. The genius continues to be an unknown quantity. The great poet is as original as to-morrow's sunrise, which will take the old clouds and vapours, and little household smokes of our poor worn-out earth, to make a miracle out of, and transfigure the old hills and fields and houses with the enchantment of familiar novelty. It is this power of being, at once familiar and novel, that distinguishes the primary poets. They give us a new heaven and a new earth, without the former things having passed away—whose very charm is that they have not—a new heaven and a new earth that we can possess by the fireside, in the street and the counting-room.

Edmund Spenser was born, like Chaucer, in London, in 1553, when Cervantes was four years old. That sixteenth century was a miraculous one. Scarce any other can show such a concurrence of great brains. Mothers must have expected an attack of genius among their children, as we look for measles or whooping cough now. While Spenser was yet delving over the *propria quæ maribus*, Shakspeare was stretching out his baby arms and trying to get the moon to play with, and the little Bacon, chewing upon his coral, had already learned the impentrability of matter. It almost takes one's breath away to think that at the same time Hamlet and the Novum Organon were at the mercy of teething and the scarlet fever, unless, indeed, Destiny takes care to lock all the doors against those child-stealing gypsies when she leaves such precious things about.

Of Spenser's personal history we know very little. He was educated at Cambridge, where he took the degree of Master of Arts in 1576. He is supposed to have passed the three following years with some relations in the country, where he wrote verses and fell in love with a lady whom he calls Rosalind, and of whom we know nothing further, unless we are satisfied to take the portrait which Shakspeare has associated forever with the name which he complimented by adopting. He is said to have been employed to carry a despatch or two, but Lord Burleigh did not fancy him. Poor Lord Burleigh! Sidney and Raleigh, however, were luckier. He was recommended to the great queen, and received at last a grant of Kilcolman Castle and three thousand acres of land in the south of Ireland. Here the Faery Queene was in great part written. At last came a rebellion. The wild kernes and gallow-glasses had not the delicacy of the Emathian conqueror, and burned the castle from which Spenser and his wife, with two of their children, barely escaped, leaving an infant to perish in the flames. Spenser came to London, and died, broken-hearted, three months afterwards, on the 16th of January, 1599. That rare nature was like a Venice glass, meant only to mantle with the wine of sunniest posey. The first drop of poisonous sorrow shattered it.

1579. Spenser published the Shepherd's Calendar, a series of twelve eclogues, one for each month in the year. In those poems, he professedly imitated Chaucer, whom he called his master, but without much success. Even with the light reflected upon them from the lustre of his great poem, one can find but little in them that is not dull. There are indications in these poems, however, here and there, of a nice ear for harmony in verse.

Spenser was the pure sense of the beautiful put into a human body only that it might have the means of communicating with men. His own description of Clarion, the butterfly in his Muiopatmos, gives, perhaps, the best possible idea of his character:

> Over the fields, in his frank lustiness,
> And all the campagne o'er, he soared light
> And all the country wide he did possess,
> Feeding upon their pleasures bounteously,
> That none gainsay, and none did him envy.
>
> The woods, the rivers and the meadows green,
> With his air-cutting wings he measured wide,
> Nor did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
> Nor the rank grassy fens' delights untried;
> But none of these, however sweet they been,
> Mote please his fancy, or him cause to abide;
> His choiceful sense with every change doth flit;
> No common things may please a wavering wit.
>
> To the gay gardens his unstaid desire
> Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights;
> There lavish Nature, in her last attire,
> Pours forth sweet odours and alluring sights;
> And Art, with her contending, doth aspire
> To excel the natural with made delights,
> And all that fair or pleasant may be found,
> In riotous excess doth there abound.
>
> There he arriving, round about doth flie,
> From bed to bed, from one to the other border
> And takes survey with curious busy eye,
> Of every flower and herb there set in order;
> Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
> Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder;
> He with his feet their silken leaves displace,
> But pastures on the pleasures of each place.
>
> And evermore with most variety
> And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
> He casts his glutton sense to satisfy,
> Now sucking of the sap of herbs most meet,
> Or of the dew which yet on them doth lie,
> Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
> And then he percheth on some branch thereby
> To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.
>
> And whatso'er of virtue good or ill,
> Grew in this garden fetched from far away,
> Of every one he takes and tastes at will,
> And on their pleasures greedily doth prey;
> Then, when he hath both played and fed his fill
> In the warm sun he doth himself embay,
> And there him rests in riotous suffisance
> Of all his gladfulness and kingly joyance.
>
> What more felicity can fall a creature
> Than to enjoy delight with liberty?
> And to be lord of all the works of Nature
> To reign in the air from earth to highest sky?
> To feed on flowers and weeds of glorious feature,
> To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
> Who rests not pleased with such happiness
> Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness.

What poet has ever left us such a portrait of himself as this? In that butterfly, Spenser has symbolized the purely poetical nature. It will be seen that there is no recognition of the moral sense whatever. The poetic nature, considered abstractly, craves only beauty and delight—without any thought beyond—

> And whatsoe'er *of virtue good or ill*,
> To feed on flowers and *weeds of glorious feature*.

The poetical temperament has nowhere been at once so exquisitely defined and illustrated. Among poets, Spenser stands for the temperament personified.

But how did it happen that this lightsome creature, whose only business was

> "To reign in the air, from earth to highest sky,"

should have attempted, in his greatest work, to mix together two such incoherent things as sermon and poem? In the first place, the age out of which a man is born is the mother of his mind, and imprints her own likeness more or less clearly on the features of her child. There are two destinies from which no one can escape, his own idiosyncrasy and that of the time in which he lives. Or shall we say that where the brain is in the flower of its conceptions, the very air is full of thought pollen, or some wandering bee will bring it, we know not from what far field, to hybridize the fruit?

In Spenser's time, England was just going through the vinous stage of that Puritanic fermentation which became acetous in Milton, and putrefactive in the Fifth Monarchy men. Here was one motive. But, besides this, it is evident that Spenser's fancy had been coloured by the Romances which were popular in his day, and these had all been allegorized by the monks who turned them into prose. The adventure of the San Grail in the *Mort d' Arthur* reads almost like an extract from the Pilgrim's Progress. Allegories were the fashion, and Spenser put one on as he did a ruff, not because it was the most convenient or becoming thing in the world, but because other people did.

Another reason is, probably, to be found in the nature of the man himself. The poetical temperament, when it comes down to earth, and mingles with men, is conscious of a certain weakness. On the unsubstantial skiey floors of its own ideal world it walks firmly enough, and speaks the native language of the shadowy population there. But there is a knell at which that beautiful land dissolves like the baseless fabric of a vision—and that is the dinner bell. The poetical temperament becomes keenly conscious that it also has a stomach. It must dine, and commonly it likes rather better dinners than other people. To this end it must carry its wares to market where the understanding is master. Will the understanding pay hard money for the flowers of speech? Only what is practical will do there. Fine words, grumbles the understanding proverbially, butter no parsnips, and then, to make the matter worse, the parsnips are *ideal*. "But, my dear sir," remonstrates Temperament mildly; "Dear me no dears," growls Understanding, "everybody must earn his own salt—I do." "Let me read you my beautiful poem." "Can't comprehend a word of it. The only language I know a word of is my old mother tongue, the useful. Look at the towns and ships I've built. Nothing ideal *there*, you'll find. Ideal, I suppose, is a new fangled way of spelling idle. It won't go *here*." Suddenly the useful seems a very solid and powerful thing to our poor friend, the Poetic Temperament. It begins to feel a little absurdity in talking enthusiasm to such a matter-of-fact generation. The problem is how to translate the ideal into the useful. How shall Master Edmund Spenser make himself comprehensible to Master John Bull? He will try a picture-book, and a moral one, too—he will write an Allegory.

Allegory is the Imagination of the Understanding, or what it supposes to be, which is the same thing. It is the ideal in words of one syllable, illustrated with cuts, and adapted to the meanest comprehension.

Spencer was a good and pure-minded man, and wished, probably, to combine the sacred office of Teacher with that of Poet. The preaching part of him came afterwards, in Jeremy Taylor, who was Spenser with his singing robes off.

Spenser's mind was so thoroughly imbued with the beautiful, that he makes even the Cave of Mammon a place one would like to live in.

I think it is the want of *human* interest that makes the Faery Queene so little read. Hazlitt has said that nobody need be afraid of the allegory; it will not bite them, nor meddle with them unless they meddle with it. It was the first poem I ever read, and I had no suspicion of any double meaning in it. If we think of the moral as we read, it will injure the effect of the poem, because we have an instinctive feeling that Beauty includes it own moral, and does not need to have it stuck on.

Charles Lamb made the most comprehensive criticism upon Spenser, when he called him the "poets' poet." This was a magic mirror, which he held up to life, where only shapes of loveliness are reflected. A joyous feeling of the beautiful thrills through the whole poem.

I think that Spencer has come nearer to expressing the unattainable something than any other poet. He is so purely a poet of beauty that, with him, the meaning does not modulate the music of the verse, but the music is a great part of the meaning. No poet is so splendidly superfluous as he. He knows too well that, in poetry, *enough* is parsimony. The delight of beauty is that it is like a fountain, forever changing, forever the same and forever more than full.

Spenser has characterized his own poem in the song which the Sirens sing to Sir Guyon in the twelfth canto of the second book. The whole passage also may be called his musical, as distinguished from his picturesque, style.

In reading Spenser, one may see all the great galleries of painting without stepping over his own threshold. Michael Angelo is the only artist that he will not find there. It may be said of him that he is not a narrative poet at all, that he tells no stories, but paints them.

I have said that, among our poets, Spenser stands for the personification of the poetic sense and temperament. In him the senses were so sublimed and etherealized, and sympathized so harmoniously with an intellect of the subtlest quality, that, with Dr. Donne, we "could almost say his body thought." This benign interfusion of sense and spirit it is which gives his poetry the charm of crystalline purity, without loss of warmth. He is ideal without being merely imaginative; he is sensuous without any suggestion of flesh and blood. He is full of feeling, and yet of such a kind that we can neither call it mere intellectual perception of what is fair and good and touching nor associate it with that throbbing warmth which leads us to call sensibility by its human name of heart. In the world into which he carries us there is neither space nor time, and so far it is purely intellectual, but then it is full of form and colour and all earthly gorgeousness and luxury, and so far it is sensual. There are no men and women in it, and yet it throngs with airy and immortal shapes that have the likeness of men and women.

To appreciate fully the sensuous intellectuality of this divine poet, compare him for a moment with Pope, who had an equal subtlety of brain, without the joyous poetic sense. Pope's mind was like a perfectly clear mirror hung in a drawing-room, and reflecting, with perfect precision of outline and vividness of colouring, not man, but good society, every grace and every folly that belong not to human nature in its broad meaning, but as it is subordinated by fashion. But Spenser is like a great calm pool that lies brooding in delicious reverie over its golden sands in some enchanted world. If we look into it, we know not if we see the shadows of clouds and trees and castles, of bright-armored knights and peerless dames, that linger and are gone, or whether those pellucid depths are only a mysterious reservoir, where all the fairest dreams of our youth, dreams that were like hopes, and hopes that were but dreams, are visionarily gathered. Anon a ripple, born of no breeze, but of the poet's own conscious joy, startles it into a dance of sunshine that fades away around its shores in a lapsing murmur that seems the shadow of music rather than its substance.

So entirely are beauty and delight the element of Spenser, that, whenever, in the Faery Queene, you come upon a thought or moral reflection, it gives you a shock of unpleasant surprise, a kind of grit, as when one's teeth close upon a bit of gravel in a dish of strawberries and cream. He is the most fluent of our poets. Sensation passing over through emotion into reverie is the characteristic of his manner. And to read him puts one in the condition of reverie—a state of mind in which one's thoughts and feelings float motionless, as you may see fishes do in a swift brook, only vibrating their fins enough to keep themselves from being swept down the current, while their bodies yield to all its curvings, and quiver with the thrills of its fluid and sinuous delight. It is a luxury beyond luxury itself, for it is not only dreaming awake, but dreaming without the trouble of doing it yourself; letting it be done for you, in truth, by the finest dreamer that ever lived, who has the art of giving you all his own visions through the medium of music.

Of the versification of Spenser we need attempt no higher praise than that it belonged to him. If we would feel the infinite variety of the Spenserian stanza, as Spenser uses it, its musical intricacies, its long sliding cadences, smooth as the green slope on the edge of Niagara, we have only to read verses of the same measure by other poets.

We are accustomed to apologize for the grossness of our old favourite authors, by saying that their age was to blame and not they. Spenser needs no such excuses. He is the most perfect gentlemen among poets. Through that unrefined time, when ladies drank a quart of ale for breakfast, and even Hamlet can say a course thing to Ophelia, Spenser passes pure and chaste as another Sir Galahad.

Whoever can endure unmixed delight, whoever can tolerate music, and painting, and poetry, all in one, whoever wishes to be rid of thought and to let the busy anvils of the brain be silent for a time, let him read in the Faery Queene. There is the land of pure Heart's Ease, where no ache or sorrow of heart can enter. If there be any poet whom we can love and feel grateful toward, it is Edmund Spenser.

LECTURE VII.

MILTON.

Between Spenser and Milton occurred the most truly imaginative period of English poetry. It is the time of Shakspeare and the other dramatists only less than he. It seems to have been the moment in which the English mind culminated.

Even if we subtract Shakspeare, the age remains without parallel. The English nature was just then giving a great heave and yearn toward freedom in politics and in religion, and literature could not fail to partake of the movement.

A wave of enthusiasm seemed to break over England; all that was poetical in the people found expression in deed or word. Everything tasted of it—sermons and speeches as well as verses. The travellers could not write a dry journal but they somehow blundered into a poetical phrase that clings in the memory like a perfume. The sensations of these men were as fresh as Adam's, and the words they found to speak them in could be beautiful or fragrant with as little effort as it costs violets to be blue.

It is a remarkable fact that the poetry of Shakspeare is, at the same time, more English and more universally human than any that ever was written. The two great poets who came before Shakspeare had both of them enlarged the revenues of the English muse. Chaucer had added character and incident, and had shown the capacities of the language and of metre. Spenser left it enriched with a luxury of diction, with harmony of verse, and with the lovely images of the classical mythology. But Shakspeare came in like an unthrift heir. He squandered everything. From king to clown, he used up all character; there is no passion or fancy or feeling that he has not spent; no question of philosophy, morals, politics or metaphysics that he has not solved; he poured out all the golden accumulations of diction like water. And his younger brethren, the other dramatists, helped him. What was there left? Certainly this wonderful being has expressed every sentiment, every thought, that is universal in its relations. All the poetry of this world he exhausted. Accordingly, in the time immediately following this splendidly imaginative period, we find only a development of fancy under one or other of its disguises. Fancy deals with limited and personal experiences, and interests us by the grace or perfectness of its expression of these. The Dramatists were tremendously in earnest, as they had need to be to please a people who were getting in earnest themselves. But now the Time itself was preparing a drama, and on no mimic scene, but with England for a stage, and all Europe for spectators. A real historical play was in rehearsal, no petty war of York or Lancaster, but the death-grapple of two eras. The time was in travail with the Ishmael of Puritanism, who, exiled from his father's house, was to found here in this Western wilderness an empire for himself and his wandering descendants. England herself was turning poet, and would add her rhapsody to the great epic of the nations.

That was a day of earnest and painful thinking, and poetical temperaments naturally found relief in turning away from actual life to the play of fancy. We find no trace of high imagination here. Certainly, Herbert and Vaughan, and even Quarles, are sometimes snatched into something above common fancy, by religious fervour, but how cold and experimental is the greater part of their poetry—not poetry, indeed, but devotional exercises in verse. Cowley wrote imaginary love songs to an imaginary mistress, and Waller the same sort of stuff to a real one. Catullus revived in Herrick, a country parson. Wither, a Puritan, wrote some poems full of nature and feeling, and remarkable for purity of sentiment. Donne, a deep thinker, carried on his anatomical studies into his verse, and dissected his thoughts and feeling to the smallest nerve. A great many nice things got said, no doubt, and many charming little poems were written—but the *great* style appears no longer.

It was during this lull, as we may call it, that followed the mighty day of the Dramatists, that Milton was growing up. He was born in London, on the 9th of December, 1608, and was therefore in his eighth year when Shakspeare died. His father was of a good family, which still adhered to the Roman Catholic faith. What is of more importance, he was disinherited by *his* father for having adopted Puritan principles, and was an excellent musician. Milton was very early an indefatigable student, even in his twelfth year, seldom leaving his books before midnight. At the University he was distinguished as a Latin scholar and writer of Latin verses. He was intended for the church, but had already formed opinions of his own, which put conformity out of the question. He was by nature an independent, and could not, as he says, "subscribe *slave*."

Leaving the University in 1632, he passed the five following years in a studious seclusion at his father's home at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. During these five years, he wrote most of his smaller poems. In 1638, he set out for Italy. The most important events of his stay in that country were his meetings with Galileo, and the Marquis Manso, who had been Tasso's friend. After refreshing his Protestantism at Geneva, he passed through France and came back to England to find the civil war already begun.

Dr. Johnson sneers at Milton for having come home from Italy, because he could not stay abroad while his countrymen were struggling for their freedom, and then quietly settling down as the teacher of a few boys for bread. It might, with equal reason, have been asked of the Doctor why, instead of writing "Taxation no Tyranny," he did not volunteer in the war against the rebel American provinces? Milton sacrificed to the cause he thought holy something dearer to him than life—the hope of an earthly immortality in a great poem. He suffered his eyes to be put out for the sake of his country as deliberately and unflinchingly as Scævola thrust his hand into the flame. He gave to freedom something better than a sword—words that were victories. Around the memories of Bradshaw and his illustrious brethren his deathless soldiery still pitch their invicible tents, still keep their long-resounding march, sure warders against obloquy and oblivion.

After the death of Cromwell, Milton continued faithful to republicanism, and, on the very eve of the restoration, published his last political tract, showing a short and easy way to establish a Christian Commonwealth. He had long ago quarrelled with the Presbyterians in discipline, and separated from the Independents in doctrine. For many years he did not go within any church, and had become a Unitarian. He had begun the Paradise Lost in 1658; and after the restoration, with a broken fortune, but with a constancy which nothing could break, shattered in health, blind, and for a time in danger, he continued the composition of it. It was complete in 1665, when Elwood, the Quaker, had the reading of it, and was published in 1667.

The translation of the Bible had, to a very great degree, Judaized the Puritan mind. England was no longer England, but Israel. Those fierce enthusiasts could always find Amalek and Philistia in the men who met them in the field, and one horn or other of the beast in every doctrine of their theological adversaries. The spiritual provincialism of the Jewish race found something congenial in the Anglo-Saxon intellect. This element of the Puritan character appears in Milton also, as in that stern sonnet:

> Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine Mountains cold,
> Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old
> When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones!

In Milton's prose there is a constant assertion of himself as a man set apart to a Divine ministry. He seems to translate himself out of Hebrew into English. And yet, so steeped was he in Greek culture that it is sometimes hard to say whether he would rather call himself the messenger of Jehovah or the son of Phœbus. Continually the fugitive mists of dialectics are rent, and through them shine down serene and solemn peaks that make us feel that we are encamped about by the sacred mounts of song, but whether of Palestine or Greece is doubted. We may apply to Milton what Schiller says of the poet: "Let a kind divinity snatch the suckling from his mother's breast, nourish him with the milk of a better age, and let him come to maturity beneath a distant Grecian sky. Then, when he has become a man, let him return, a foreign shape, into his century, not to delight it with his apparition, but, terrible, like Agamemnon's son, to purify it."

I said that Milton had a sublime egotism. The egotism of a great character is inspiration, because it generalizes self into universal law. It is a very different thing from the vulgar egotism of a little nature which contracts universal Law into self. The one expands with a feeling that it is part of the law-making power; the other offers an amendment in town-meeting as if it came from Sinai. Milton's superb conception of himself enters into all he does. If *he* is blind, it is with excess of light—it is a divine favour, an overshadowing with Angels' wings. Phineus and Tiresias are admitted among the prophets because they too had lost their sight. There is more merit in the blindness of Mæonides than in his Iliad or Odyssey. If the structure of *his* mind is undramatic, why, then, the English drama is barbarous, and he will write a tragedy on a Greek model, with the blind Sampson for a hero.

It results from this that no great poet is so universally self-conscious as he. Dante is individual rather than self-conscious, and the cast-iron Dante becomes pliable as a field of grain at the breath of Beatrice, and his whole nature, rooted as it is, seems to flow away in waves of sunshine. But Milton never lets himself go for a moment. As other poets are possessed by their theme, so is he always self-possessed, his great theme being Milton, and his duty being that of interpreter between John Milton and the world. I speak it reverently—he was worth translating.

We should say of Shakspeare that he had the power of transforming himself into everything, and of Milton that he had that of transforming everything into himself. He is the most learned of poets. Dante, it is true, represents all the scholarship of his age, but Milton belonged to a more learned age, was himself one of the most learned men in it, and included Dante himself among his learning. No poet is so indebted to books and so little to personal observation as he. I thought once that he had created out of his own consciousness those exquisite lines in Comus:

> A thousand fantasies
> Begin to throng into my memory
> Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
> And airy tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands and shores and desert wilderness.

But I afterwards found that he had built them up out of a dry sentence in Marco Polo's Travels. The wealth of Milton in this respect is wonderful. He subsidizes whole Provinces of learning to spend their revenues upon one lavish sentence, and melts history, poetry, mythology and philosophy together to make the rich Miltonic metal of a single verse.

The first noticeable poem of Milton is his hymn of the Nativity, and the long-enwoven harmony of the versification is what chiefly deserves attention in it. It is this which marks the advent of a new power into English poesy.

In Spenser, meaning and music are fused together; in Shakspeare, the meaning dominates always (and I intend the sentiment as included in the word meaning); but in Milton, the music is always a primary consideration. He is always as much musician as poet. And he is a harmonist, not a melodist. He loves great pomps and sequences of verse, and his first passages move like long processions, winding with sacred chant, and priestly robes rich with emblamatic gold, and waving of holy banners along the echoing aisles of some cathedral. Accordingly, no reader of Milton can fail to notice that he is fond of lists of proper names which can only have an acquired imaginative value, and in that way serve to excite our poetic sensibility, but which also are of deep musical significance.

[This was illustrated by reading various passages from Paradise Lost.]

Another striking peculiarity of Milton is the feeling of *spaciousness* which his poetry gives us, and that not only in whole paragraphs, but even in single words. His mind was one which demanded illimitable room to turn in. His finest passages are those in which Imagination diffuses itself over a whole scene or landscape, or where it seems to circle like an eagle controlling with its eye broad sweeps of champaign and of sea, bathing itself in the blue streams of air, and seldom drawn earthward in the concentrated energy of its swoop.

This shows itself unmistakably in the epithets of his earlier poems. In the Penseroso, for example, where he hears

> The far-off curfew sound
> Over some *wide-watered* shore
> Swinging slow with sullen roar;

where he sees

> Gorgeous Tragedy
> In sceptered pall come sweeping by;

or calls up the great bards who have sung

> Of forests and enchantments drear
> Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Milton seems to produce his effects by exciting or dilating our own imaginations; and this excitement accomplished, he is satisfied. Shakspeare, on the other hand, seldom leaves any work to be done by the imagination of his readers; and after we have enjoyed the total effect of a passage, we may always study the particulars with advantage. Shakspeare never attaches any particular value to his thoughts, or images, or phrases, but scatters them with a royal carelessness. Milton always seems to respect his; he lays out broad avenues for the triumphal processions of his verse; covers the ground with tapestry, interwoven with figures of mythology and romance; builds up arches rich with historic carvings for them to march under; and accompanies them with swells and cadences of inspiring music. Paradise Lost is full of what may be called *vistas* of verse. Notice, for example, how far off he begins when he is about to speak of himself—as at the beginning of the third book and the seventh. When you read Paradise Lost, the feeling you have is one of *vastness*. You float under a great sky brimmed with sunshine, or hung with constellations; the abyss of space is around you; thunders mutter on the horison; you hear the mysterious sigh of an unseen ocean; and if the scene changes, it is with an elemental movement like the shifting of mighty winds. Of all books, it seems most purely the work of a disembodied mind. Of all poets, he could most easily afford to be blind; of all, his poetry owes least to the senses, except that of hearing; everything, except his music, came to him through a mental medium, and perhaps even that may have been intellectual—as in Beethoven, who composed behind the veil of deafness.

Milton is a remarkable instance of a great imaginative faculty fed by books instead of Nature. One has only to read the notes of the commentators upon his poems to see how perfectly he made whatever he took his own. Everything that he touches swells and towers into vastness. It is wonderful to see how, from the most withered and juiceless hint that he met with in his reading, his grand images "rise like an exhalation"; how, from the most hopeless-looking leaden box that he found in that huge drag net with which he gathered everything from the waters of learning, he could conjure a tall genius to do his bidding.

That proud consciousness of his own strength, and confidence, at the same time, that he is the messenger of the Most High, never forsake him. It is they which give him his grand manner and make him speak as if with the voice of a continent. He reverenced always the sacredness of his own calling and character. As poet, full of the lore of antiquity, and as prophet, charged to vindicate the ways of God, it seems to me that I see the majestic old man laying one hand upon the shoulder of the Past, and the other on that of the Future, and so standing sublimely erect above that abject age, to pour his voice along the centuries. We are reminded of what is told of Firdusi, whose father, on the night he was born, dreamed he saw him standing in the middle of the earth, and singing so loud and clear that he was heard in all four quarters of the heaven at once.

I feel how utterly inadequate any single lecture must be on such a theme, and how impossible it is to say anything about Milton in an hour. I have merely touched upon three or four points that seemed to me most characteristic of his style, for our concern with him is solely as a poet. Yet it would be an unpardonable reticence if I did not say, before I close, how profoundly we ought to reverence the grandeur of the man, his incorruptible love of freedom, his scholarly and unvulgar republicanism, his scorn of contemporary success, his faith in the future and in God, his noble frugality of life.

The noise of those old warfares is hushed; the song of cavalier and the fierce Psalm of Puritan are silent now; the hands of his Episcopal adversaries no longer hold pen nor crozier; they and their works are dust; but he who loved truth more than life, who was faithful to the other world while he did his work in this—his seat is in that great cathedral whose far-echoing aisles are the Ages, whispering with blessed feet of the Saints, Martyrs and Confessors of every clime and creed; whose bells sound only centurial hours; about whose spire, crowned with the constellation of the cross, no meaner birds than missioned angels hover; whose organ music is the various stops of endless changes, breathed through by endless good; whose choristers are the elect spirits of all time, that sing, serene and shining as morning stars, the ever-renewed mystery of Creative Power.

From The (London) Empire.

MACKAY AND THE BATTLE.

Written on perusing a Poem, in the "Empire," by Charles Mackay, on the Battle of Inkermann.

> ALAS! alas! the poet sings
> Of war, and camps, and jarring kings;
> Of deeds that crimson Alma's flood,
> And foul an Inkermann with blood;
> Of slaughtered hosts, of murd'rous strife,
> And "glory" quaffed from human life.
>
> Alas! that he who nobler themes
> So sweetly mingled with his dreams;
> Who sang the "good time coming," when
> Men shall be nothing less than men;
> When strife, and blood, and war shall flee
> Far from the dwellings of the free—
> Alas! that he should bend the wing,
> And stoop of deadly War to sing;
> That rage and blood his muse should fire,
> And murder tune his gentle lyre;
> That harp so sweet forgot to moan
> Where heav'n, and earth, and nature groan,
> But struck forth honour to the deed
> That makes ten thousand widows bleed.
>
> Was there no higher range for song?
> No fitter theme to bear along
> The music of the bard who gave
> Hope to the cabins of the slave—
> Who sounded in melodious strain
> How man depressed shall soar again,
> And every sacred right assume,
> As life recovered from the tomb?
> Was there no tender, gentler theme,
> To guide the sweet poetic stream,
> But it must flow through carnage foul,
> Where furies dance, and war-dogs howl?
> Or, durst the muse proclaim around
> No other than "uncertain sound,"
> Lest the bold strain incur the frown
> Of those who vote the faithful down?
> Were there no men within the sphere,
> By noble deed to nations dear,
> Fitting to wear the laurel bays
> That poets weave when poets praise?
> No Cobden, fearless, honest, true,
> No Bright, who boldly dare pursue
> Stern duty's path, when Senates proud
> Pander to passion and the crowd?
> Were these unworthy of the strain
> That revels on the gory plain?
>
> Woe to the land where'er the men
> Who strike the lyre or wield the pen
> Descend to feed and fan the flame
> That blazes with creation's shame;
> Devouring with volcanic rage
> The treasures of a mighty age,
> Then leaves behind a ghastly blank,
> To show where wealth and virtue sank!
> Woe to the men who sound the lyre
> To honour such a Nero's fire!
>
> But deeper woe and darker gloom
> Herald a nation's coming doom,
> When Truth Divine is turn'd perverse,
> To justify creation's curse,
> And moulded by the Priest to plead
> For men by whom whole nations bleed!
> Go search around, each cavern scan,
> And find a blacker guilt in man:
> Go dive the depths of ancient time,
> Probe well the vaults of hidden crime,
> Traverse the earth, then cross the spheres—
> Ask of the groans, the woes, the tears,
> That orphans feel, that widows shed,
> When battle-fields receive their dead—
> Ask heav'n above, ask nature round,
> If blacker deed shall yet be found
> Than this, who pleads Religion's right
> To hound on nations to the fight;
> And who, the gospel grace supplies
> To him that murders while he dies;
> Who the red "Banner" floats around,
> As one who deems it holy ground?
>
> O thou! Who reignest, God of love,
> Send down the mild and peaceful Dove,
> And, e'er our land dark ruin seize,
> Save, save us from such priests as these!

Manchester, Jan. 22, 1855. WILLIAM STOKES.

A SNOW-STORM.

THE sensation with which we are affected by a fall of snow depends much upon our position and prospective enterprises. If one is journeying across a prairie, no more terrible thing can befall him than the coming on of a driving snow. All landmarks are shut in; all paths are covered; the air is darkened; the wind pierces the very heart with chills; and if he have not the good luck to carry a compass, he will soon grow bewildered, and travel about in useless circuits, till he grows numb, slumberous, and dies, with the storm going on above him, and heaping him up with snowy burial. Snow is worse than fire. Against fire you can set fire, and escape in the track of the flame which you yourself have kindled. You cannot set snow against snow.

Falling snow is beautiful in a forest. It comes down wavering among the trees, without a whisper, and takes to the ground without the sound of a foot-fall. Evergreen trees grow intense in contrasts of dark green ruffled with radiant white. Bush and tree are powdered and banked up. But not the slightest sound is made in all the work which fills the woods with winter soil many feet deep. But nowhere else is snow so beautiful as when in a mansion in the country, bright and warm, full of home-joy and quiet. You look out through large windows, and see one of those flights of snow, in a still, calm day, as if the air were full of white millers, or butterflies, coming down from heaven. There is something extremely beautiful in the motion of these large flakes of snow. They do not make haste, nor plump straight down with a dead fall like a whistling rain-drop. They seem to be at leisure, and descend with such a quiet, wavering, sideway motion, as birds use when they are about to light. You think that you are reading; and so you are, but it is not in the book that lies open before you. The silent, dreamy hour passes away, and you have not felt it pass. The trees are dressed with snow. The long arms of evergreens bend with its weight; the rails are doubled, and every post wears a virgin crown. The well-sweep, the bucket, the well-curb are fleeced over. And still the silent quivering air is full of trooping flakes, thousands following to take the place of all that fall. The ground is heaped, the paths are gone, the road is hidden, the fields are levelled, the eaves of buildings jut over, and, as the day moves on, the fences grow shorter, and some sink from sight. All night the heavens rain crystal flakes. Yet, that roof on which the smallest rain pattered audible music, gives no sound. There is no echo in the stroke of snow, until it waxes to an avalanche and slips from the mountains. Then it fills the air like thunderbolts.

When the morning comes, then comes the sun also. The storm has gone back to its northern nests to shed its feathers there. The air is still, cold, bright. But what a glory rests upon the too brilliant earth. Are these the January leaves, is this the winter efflorescence of shrub and tree? You can scarcely look for the exceeding brightness. Trees stand up against the clear, gray sky, brown and white in contrast, as if each trunk, and bough, and branch, and twig, had been coated with ermine, or with white moss. There is an exquisite airiness and lightness in the masses of snow on trees and fences when seen just as the storm left them. The wind or sun soon disenchants the magic scene.

Already, snow-birds are fluttering for a foothold, and showering down the frosty dust from the twigs. The hens, and their uplifted lords, are beginning to wade with dainty steps through the chilly wool. Boys are aglee with sleds; men are out with shovels, and dames with brooms. Bells begin to ring along the highway, and heavy oxen, with craunching sleds, are wending toward the woods for the winter's supply of fuel. The school-house is open, and a roasting hot fire rages in the box stoves. Little boys are crying with chilblains, and little girls are comforting them with the assurance that it will stop aching pretty soon, and the boys seem unwilling to stop crying till then. Big boys are shaking their coats, and stamping off the snow, which peels easily from sleek black-balled boots or shoes burnished with tallow. Out of doors the snow-balls are flying, and everybody laughs but the one that's hit. Down go the wrestlers. The big ones "rub" the little ones; the little ones in turn "rub" the smaller ones. The passers-by are pelted; and many a lazy horse has motives of speed applied to his lank barrel. Even the schoolmaster must abe mortal, and take his lot; for many "accidental" snow-balls plump into his breast and upon his back before the rogues will believe that it *is* the schoolmaster!

But days go by. The snow drifts. Fences are banked up ten feet high. Hills are broken into a "coast" for boys' sleds. They slide and pull up again, and toil on in their slippery pleas